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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE "two greatest men of the century," as someone has quaintly called Hitler and Mussolini, are meeting this week in Rome. We cannot compete with the reporters and photographers in depicting the scenes of pomp and ceremony, the oratory and junketings and goose-steppings which are designed to elate the populace and impress the statesmen. The real importance of the occasion, of course, lies in the talks that are taking place behind the façade. Cordial as the relations may seem between Italy and Germany, there are still differences of interest and aim, which will need bargaining to settle—and some of which may even provide the opportunity for "double crossing." The position of the South Tirol, now that Germany has come to the Brenner, is an anxiety for Mussolini, and so, too, is German policy in South-Eastern Europe. What again can or will Germany do to support—or to upset—Italian plans in Spain and the Mediterranean? What can or will Mussolini do for Hitler in Czechoslovakia? Presumably the Duce, in considering the answer to these and other vexing questions, will not forget the pact with Great Britain that he now has in his pocket, and the prospects of a similar one with France. And both he and Hitler, if they are thinking of dividing up the world, may possibly see a warning in the Anglo-French entente that the world is not yet quite conquered.

A New Entente Cordiale

The Anglo-French conversations, which were conducted so amicably and so expeditiously last week, have had a good press—except of course in Germany. It is eminently satisfactory that Britain and France should not merely register again their common interests and ideals and the need for a concerted policy, but should be taking practical measures to co-ordinate their own defence and to avert, if they can, the catastrophe that threatens all Europe. On this there will be disagreement neither here nor in France, nor in any of the nations which want peace and freedom. But there are flies in the ointment, and on some points in the understanding between Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier there will be doubts and dissent on both sides of the Channel. Their agreement to recognise the Italian conquest of Abyssinia, however it may be excused on grounds of expediency, is a shameful confession of failure.

Their policy in Spain is still worse, for the plea of expediency there is far weaker. The victory of Franco and his Italian and German backers will serve neither the cause of peace and democracy nor the material interests of Great Britain and France. How far M. Daladier and M. Bonnet were pushed unwillingly by Mr. Chamberlain in this matter we do not know. But their lining up against the Spanish Republic will provoke widespread opposition in France.

The Czechoslovakian Problem

If there are misgivings regarding the problems of yesterday and to-day, what about that of to-morrow? Nobody expected the talks in Downing Street would settle the urgent question of Czechoslovakia. The most that could be hoped for was a concerted policy which would give the Nazis pause, prevent the immediate disruption of the Czechoslovakian State and avert the danger of a European war. It was clear from the outset that the British Government were not prepared to take on any new obligations to the Czechs. It is rather less clear what the French, though they stand formally committed to support the Czechs, would actually do in an emergency. But the British Government did take a serious view of the situation and were ready to take the initiative in an effort to find "a just and peaceful solution." In all the circumstances, this must be reckoned a gain. Whether it will be possible to persuade Hitler and the Czech Government to a workable compromise, remains to be seen. The Czechs, hard pressed as they are, have already offered big concessions; they can hardly be asked to commit suicide. The Germans have shown themselves both greedy and aggressive, and they do not appear to take very kindly to our poking our nose into what they regard as their private concern. It is likely, however, that Hitler's plan is not to fight, but to extort all he can from the Czechs by "negotiation" and then to pursue their destruction by economic pressure. In that case the attempt to save them would present us with another awkward problem, which was discussed—not very hopefully on our side—when M. Bonnet made his proposal last week for economic aid to the Danubian countries.

M. Daladier's Domestic Difficulties

Having surveyed with Mr. Chamberlain the pitfalls in the field of foreign affairs, M. Daladier had to face the first hurdle in the road towards financial reconstruction at home. After a Cabinet meeting on Monday, so protracted that it gave rise to rumours of acute divergence of Ministerial opinion, the first set of decrees was issued, enacting an 8 per cent. increase in existing taxes to cover most of the deficit in the ordinary budget, coupled with provisions of minor importance for encouraging tourist traffic, granting credit facilities to industry, and controlling the employment of foreign labour. This patch-work instalment of the promised comprehensive programme of economic rehabilitation was not impressive. Nothing was done to deal with tax-evasion or to redress the balance between income-tax and the disproportionately onerous incidence of indirect taxes. The franc promptly slumped to 167 and on Wednesday night M. Daladier announced that there would be a further devaluation of the franc. At, say, 175 the franc will be easier to defend, but the process of gradual retreat has its dangers.

The War in China

There was a startling report early this week of a "tense situation" in Shanghai, following an aggressive move in the International Settlement by the Japanese military. But prompt and firm action by the British commander soon relieved the tension and brought about the retirement of the aggressors. This minor incident and others like it in the past illustrate the fact that the Japanese are amenable to promptness and firmness. How much has been lost by the failure of statesmen to deal with them in that spirit in major incidents? Meanwhile, furious fighting continues in Shantung. Last week the Japanese were attacking in force. Now, though their official spokesman still declares that the battle is going in their favour, the Chinese are reported to have opened a general offensive with a force of no fewer than 800,000 men. They claimed on Tuesday to have broken the Japanese centre east of Taierchwang, to have advanced a distance of twelve miles, and to be laying siege to Tancheng. If this mass attack can be kept up (and the Chinese are said to have ample reserves of cannon fodder for the purpose) it may inflict a crippling blow on the Japanese.

Food in War-time

So much profiteering in food and so many hardships from local shortages were endured in the last war through delays in instituting control of supplies and rationing of consumption that it is satisfactory to learn from the first report of the Food (Defence Plans) Department that plans are being framed to put a system of organised distribution into operation from the very start of another war. The scheme which the Department has worked out resembles broadly that instituted in 1917. The quantity of wholesale deliveries to retailers would be regulated by permits, shop prices for essential foods would be fixed by Order, and consumption would be controlled by registering every consumer and supplying him (or her) with a ration card presentable at specified shops. In addition, to meet the possibility of dislocation by air attack, certain important wholesale distributing centres would be dispersed in less vulnerable sites. A less reassuring feature of the report is the renewed attention which it draws to our dependence on imported supplies of food. These represent 90 per cent. of our butter and lard, 87 per cent. of our cereal, 74 per cent. of our sugar, and nearly 50 per cent. of our meat consumption. The figures illustrate the inadequacy of the precautionary storage measures so far undertaken by the Government. As an emergency reserve, stocks of wheat and sugar covering little more than a fortnight's normal consumption are absurd.

Coal in the Lords

The Coal Bill has now started on its way through the House of Lords, where numerous coal and royalty owners have been lying in wait, in the hope of yet further modifying its provisions. The Lords would doubtless dearly like to alter the compensation provisions to the greater advantage of the royalty owners. But it is questionable whether they can do much about this, though they may attempt further to curtail the powers of the proposed Coal Commission in applying any net revenues accruing to it in process of time. In the matter of compulsory amalgamations, it is difficult to believe that the Bill as it now stands can be of any practical value. But

the Lords will presumably seek to make assurance doubly sure by yet more restrictive amendments than the Government has already accepted in the House of Commons. Meantime, at Geneva, the British Government delegate is filling his habitual role of opposition. A world Coal Conference met this week under the auspices of the I.L.O. for the purpose of considering immediate measures for reducing working hours in coal mines by international agreement. The British Government, at the outset, suggested postponement of any further action, beyond the sending out of another questionnaire, until 1939.

Third Party in the U.S.A.

The political situation in the United States has been complicated by the emergence of a Third Party. Governor Philip La Follette has announced the formal inauguration of the National Progressive Party, details of whose programme have yet to be worked out, but whose orientation appears to be to the Left of the Democrats. The new party is not to be Socialist in the European sense, but apart from promising Labour an increased share in the national income it proposes to establish public control of money and credit, while opposing every form of "coddling" the people. This would appear to be a nebulous, not to say contradictory, programme on which to seek support; but Governor La Follette may damage President Roosevelt, whom he accuses—not without force—of having made a bad mistake in trying to maintain the standard of living without paying regard to the prior need to ensure production of adequate real wealth. Depression in America grows steadily worse, while Mr. Roosevelt fiddles with proposals for Congressional inquiries into monopolistic price-fixing and lunches with Henry Ford. Big Business is unlikely to want to kill Franklin in order to make Philip king; but if the National Progressives can obtain the adherence of substantial numbers of Labour voters, the Republicans will doubtless do all they can surreptitiously to back La Follette and thereby split the Democratic ranks for the 1940 election.

American Labour Divorce Made Absolute

Meanwhile the internecine struggle in the American Labour movement continues unabated. The leaders of the American Federation of Labor are still busy excommunicating the adherents of the Committee for Industrial Organisation. The United Mine Workers, Mr. Lewis's Union, were formally expelled some months ago, together with two other C.I.O. societies. But now the A.F. of L. has gone much further, and has expelled, at one swoop, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers—the best-run Union in the United States—the Textile Workers, the Iron and Steel Workers, the United Automobile Workers, the Rubber Workers, and the Oilfield Workers. The only C.I.O. Union now left in the A.F. of L. is the Ladies' Garment Workers, whose leaders have been attempting to mediate between the two bodies—so that the A.F. of L. has agreed to allow this Union a further chance of mending its ways. The upshot is that the A.F. of L. is now entirely unrepresentative of American Labour, except in the building and printing industries and in a narrow range of skilled crafts. The C.I.O., on the other hand, includes the more progressive Unions, but has yet to consolidate its recently acquired membership in the steel, rubber, petroleum, and automobile industries.

Holidays with Pay

The Amulree Report on Holidays with Pay does not propose immediate legislative compulsion; but it does recognise that legislation will be necessary to generalise a practice which is already spreading fast by agreement. There is, of course, a good deal to be said for the view that each industry should be left to make its own detailed arrangements in order to suit its convenience; but there is also a danger that the purely sectional method may lead to agreements so diverse in principle as well as in detail as to put obstacles in the way of legislation at a later stage. It is, for example, essential that holidays with pay should be really non-contributory—though there need be no objection to arrangements for supplementary holidays, or higher pay, on a contributing basis. It is essential that there should be some degree of uniformity in relating the right to holidays to length of service, and in relating it to discontinuous employment, or to changes of employer either within an industry or area or where there has been a change of occupation or district. There is the question of possible disqualifications to be faced, and also the difficult matter of the relation of a paid holiday system to unemployment insurance. On this last issue Sir William Beveridge's Statutory Committee has already been asked to make a report, and this will determine, to quite a substantial extent, whether paid holidays are to mean in practice a real gain to the workers or the transfer of a charge from the Unemployment Fund to the industries concerned. Holidays with pay, it is agreed, are bound to come; but it might have been better to proceed at once to a general scheme, which each industry could modify by agreement, rather than leave each to make its own scheme in the first instance, without a general framework.

N.U.D.A.W. and the "Peace Alliance"

The Distributive Workers' Union, which has its main strength among Co-operative employees, has always stood well to the Left among British Trade Unions. At its annual conference this week it not only declared, against executive advice, in favour of Communist affiliation to the Labour Party, but also—what is of more practical importance—gave its support to the proposal for a "Peace Alliance," recently approved by the annual conference of the Co-operative Party. The majority in favour of both these decisions was substantial, though by no means overwhelming; and the discussions, especially on the "Peace Alliance," were significant of a rapid change of attitude which is now going on inside the Labour Party. Transport House, however, seems more disposed to intensify than to modify its hostility to any sort of "Popular Front." It has just endorsed, among other candidates, its nominee for Banbury, against the candidate put forward some time ago as the joint choice of the local Labour and Liberal parties. And it has announced its intention of issuing further detailed instructions to all Labour Party members telling them what forms of collaboration they are to be specifically forbidden to engage in. That this can prevent the spread of collaboration seems unlikely; but there will probably be no decisive move until after the meeting of the full Co-operative Congress at Whitsun.

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DICTATORS AND DEMOCRATS

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech in the House of Commons on Monday was based on the assumption that we have forgotten. Yet it is not 20 years since we who survived the last war, whatever our party or country, agreed at least about one thing—that if we fell back into the anarchy of 1914 all that we had won by the war would be lost and another war far more appalling would devastate our civilisation. Statesmen said it, soldiers said it, politicians and common people of every kind said it. And it was the truth. The war was fought to prevent Germany's hegemony of Europe; to-day Germany is far nearer to European domination than she ever could have been under the Kaiser. Democracy, which we were asked to fight for, survived the war, but to-day maintains a precarious foothold in Europe. Those who had retained their sanity, even after four years of hate and propaganda, remembered that it was not so much Prussia as Prussianism we were supposed to be fighting; to-day a British Prime Minister extols the superficial achievements of dictatorship without referring to their spiritual cost, or even for that matter recalling that the purely material achievements of democracy are far greater though less advertised than anything accomplished by Mussolini or Hitler. Has he himself fallen a prey to propaganda, become fascinated by the efficiency of the war machine, and dazzled by the flags and oriental pageantry with which one despot sees fit to receive his friend and rival?

There is still a generation alive which understood in 1919 and which has not forgotten. It had no illusion that the League was a perfect instrument. It knew that the roots of war lay deep in human nature and that the economic system kept national animosities alive and set a premium on our more destructive impulses. But the League offered the beginning of international organisation and could have been developed into a bulwark against war and a rallying point for the forces of peace if statesmen had had the vision to use it for purposes of justice instead of for revenge; if they had genuinely wanted to abandon the ambitions and methods which had kept Europe in periodic war for three centuries. Their understanding and their will proved too weak for the task. We need not again recall the story of the Disarmament Conference, the rejection of each of democratic Germany's reasonable offers, nor repeat the tale of betrayal and fraud when China, Abyssinia and Spain were successively trampled under foot by aggressive Powers. The most critical moment was in the autumn of 1935 when one of the most wanton wars in history could have been stopped under the leadership of Britain and France and with the co-operation of more than thirty still democratic countries.

Mr. Chamberlain expresses no regret or remorse for that betrayal. He asks us to rejoice in an agreement which recognises the conquest of Abyssinia, though it is still unconquered, and which leaves Spain to the mercy of our new and dubious Mediterranean ally. He praises himself for a closer military agreement with France which may increase our security for the moment, but which brings us back more closely than ever to the European structure of 1914. He calls once again for vast increases in our armed forces, though, to do him justice, he deplores, as Lord Baldwin deplored, the waste and futility of the new armaments race. He knows, as all sane men know, that if a nation builds houses, its people live in them; while if it builds guns, sooner or later they fire them. Once an armament race has begun, once the word is given to the general staffs to prepare for war, not in vague terms, but in a particular context of a known enemy, it is hard indeed to reverse the wheels; life is poisoned at its core; society grows rotten with hatred and fear; the timid look for ways of escape and the clever for ways of making profits; democracy is threatened with talk of its "inefficiency in a crisis"—an old dodge for hushing up the scandals that always attend uncontrolled rearmament. The result, so far, in history has always been the same. Mr. Chamberlain, we suppose, would agree. He does not believe that armaments are a remedy, and of the war of which they are the prelude he has told us that it will be a catastrophe from which no one can emerge victorious. Does he wonder then that some of us do not cheer his Italian agreement, which mocks at the very idea of the League? Does he ask himself, when he tells us that it eases tension in Europe, why the tension is marked by a vast increase and not by a decrease of armaments?

Mr. Chamberlain may perhaps hope, if he can persuade France to abandon her allies, to buy a respite while Hitler, perhaps by arrangement concluded in Rome with Mussolini, carves up central and south-eastern Europe, disrupts Czechoslovakia, tortures the Jews, reduces other States to vassalage and eventually bogs himself in war with Soviet Russia. There is evidence in the British press of a renewed effort to find reasons for regarding the U.S.S.R. as an enemy whom we should be happy to watch Germany fight. There are, however, disadvantages in this policy even if Hitler is so kind as to march in the suggested direction. As a policy it has the incidental drawback of throwing away one of our greatest assets—the imponderable moral asset which had at least as much to do with bringing America to our aid in 1917 and as much to do with winning the war as all the secret treaties put together. A Fascist dictator depends on the terror he evokes; lies, strategems, guns and aeroplanes are the stuff of his regime and the conditions of his power. The democracies die as soon as they repudiate law and honour; then they become pale imitations of the dictatorship, isolated and despised, the fit prey of less degenerate barbarians. If they perish spiritually, they will perish also as nations.

To-day, if Mr. Chamberlain had not shown that he preferred a different course, we would ask, even at this late hour, if the path of safety might not still be the path of principle. It might not yet be too late for a different British Government to regain the initiative, to rally to the cause of peace the moral and physical forces in Europe and America which have waited long for British leadership and watched British policy with astonishment and disgust. Britain, so supported, might confront Hitler with the dangers of a growing and concerted opposition in the world and offer him as an alternative a comprehensive settlement, in which Britain and France were prepared to do their part, even at the cost of their colonial monopoly. The dictators, it is true, parade in Rome, boasting like Nebuchadnezzar of the great Babylons they have built. But Mussolini at least has seen the writing on the wall; he

is aware of his own weakness and of the shock which the arrival of Germany on the Brenner has brought to the Italian people. And Hitler, though he has reached the point of failing to distinguish clearly between himself and Almighty God, yet retains a shrewd eye to his own safety. He does not want world war; for such a plunge he has not yet a navy, nor enough officers or trained troops or raw materials. In a few years or even months time he will be far stronger than he is to-day, if his plans for acquiring the Skoda works in Czechoslovakia, the wheat of Hungary and the oil of Rumania are permitted quietly to mature. Every day of British rearmament and British loss of prestige is a day of twice as much German rearmament and a step nearer to Germany's unassailable domination of the Continent. To-day, then, Hitler might listen—if the settlement offered him provided an alternative to piecemeal expansion and its rejection involved a concert of Powers such as that which defeated Germany in the last war and which he has declared it is his policy at all costs to avoid.

Mr. Chamberlain prefers a different course. He will approach the Führer with France as a military ally but with every other moral and physical asset discarded. We make no doubt that he will receive an encouraging reception—no encroachment on British interests is contemplated for the moment and British complacence is useful while expansion goes on elsewhere. What we may be sure of is that Britain will earn only contempt—the contempt reasonably felt for a Great Power which abandons its traditions, betrays its word and watches, frightened, the destruction of other Powers only threatening to bite like a rat in a corner if its own safety is menaced. When that time comes who will have the power or the inclination to save the British Empire from the destruction it will have earned?

THE DANUBE AND THE ANSCHLUSS

AMONG the many problems that have been created for Europe by Germany's absorption of Austria, not the least acute is the future of international trade along the Danube. It is more important than might appear at first sight; and it is not generally realised that England has a considerable stake in this trade.

The smaller experiments in international co-operation that were initiated after the war have largely been forgotten or overlooked. The internationalisation of the Danube is one of the most interesting and most successful, and deserves a great deal more attention than it has received. The Danube was given its new Statute, according to the provisions of the Peace Treaties, in 1922. This Statute established a Commission, the C.I.D. (Commission Internationale du Danube), in which every riparian State was represented by one delegate, Danubian Germany for this purpose being held to consist of two States, Bavaria and Wurtemberg, and the non-riparian States of Great Britain, France, and Italy also were represented by one delegate each. In addition, the European Danube Commission, which had been established after the Crimean War and functioned only for the Delta, was given a new lease of life, taking over from the C.I.D. at Braila and controlling the maritime traffic. Originally this Commission, intended to keep a close watch on Russia's Danubian ambitions, had only French, English, and Italian members; now a Rumanian was added to them.

The Statute of the Danube provided that the whole course of the river from Ulm downstream should be open to traffic and trade of every nation without distinction, whether riparian or non-riparian, whether represented on the C.I.D. or not; that the Commission should not only see that freedom of traffic was maintained, but also act as a central planning authority for works designed to improve the conditions of navigability; that a special regime should be set up under its control for the Sector of the Cataracts and the Iron Gates, where the Danube breaks through the Carpathians; that transit traffic should be entirely free from any form of exceptional taxation, or of customs duty. Among a number of other less important provisions, the Statute also internationalised certain tributaries for part of their course.

Quite apart from the great and valuable work which the C.I.D. has done in the extremely tricky Sector of the Cataracts, a work which is a fascinating study in itself, it has more than justified its existence, functioning with remarkable harmony for fifteen years and fostering general trade in a part of Europe where tariff and currency complications have steadily increased. The presence of delegates from three non-riparian States on the Commission has been of particular value in this situation, and the right of all non-riparian States to use the Danube has brought many advantages to the riparian States as well. As a rough indication of the part the C.I.D. has played, the following figures of the total tonnage of merchandise transported through the Iron Gates both ways are significant. During the six years from 1907 to 1912 the average per year was 611,831 tons; in 1915 and 1916 the war held up normal trade, but in 1917 the Danube under German Army control became the main artery of the Central Powers' supplies, and the figures leapt to 2,094,348 tons; in 1919 chaos reigned, and only 126,452 tons, the lowest figure since the beginning of the century, passed through. As soon, however, as the C.I.D. took over, the figures began to rise again, had reached 1,650,455 tons in 1929; and in 1936 were the highest ever recorded, 2,616,037 tons. It should be remembered, incidentally, that a large part of the Danube traffic does not pass through the Iron Gates, both above and below.

The value of the Danube as a trade highway is very great; water-transport is still cheaper than any other form of transport, and where the river is large enough has various other advantages over road or rail. The Danube passes through or along the frontiers of seven countries which depend to a considerable extent on one another's products; it acts as the main channel by which the primary products of South-Eastern Europe are exchanged for the finished or semi-finished products of industrial Central Europe; in addition it is used to maintain direct trade contact between the riparian countries and the rest of the world—for a land-locked country like Czechoslovakia it needs no great flight of the imagination to see how important the Danube, and the *internationalised* Danube, must be. The upstream traffic, which has always been greater than the downstream traffic, consists mainly of cereals, ores, bauxite, and Rumanian oil. Austria normally received all her oil via the Danube, and Germany, through the rapidly developing port of Regensburg, a large proportion of her oil imports. Downstream go finished goods, and in addition timber, salt, and coal which also moves upstream. One example will show how important the role of the Danube is: in 1935, 40 per cent. of the total Hungarian foreign trade passed along it.

In 1937 the most important companies operating on the Danube were the German Bavarian Lloyd and S.D.G., the famous Austrian D.D.S.G., the original company which was founded by two Englishmen a hundred years ago, the Dutch-registered but really Austrian-controlled Comos, the Hungarian M.F.T.R., the Czechoslovak C.S.P.D., the Jugoslav J.R.P., the Rumanian N.F.R. and S.R.D., the French S.F.N.D., and the English Anglo-Danubian Transport and Shell. Between the German, Austrian, Hungarian and Dutch companies existed an agreement by which they used one another's boats according to convenience, and this agreement was matched by a similar agreement on the part of the companies of the Little Entente, who, in recent years, have made immense efforts to enlarge and improve their fleets. In addition to these two groupings,

there have been various cartels which have covered specific aspects of the trade for all the companies concerned.

The British and French-owned fleets, unlike the fleets of the riparian States, do not cater for passenger traffic, but they are far from negligible and the Anglo-Danubian and Shell fleets in particular have a very great importance in the oil trade. The *Princess Elizabeth*, which was built by Skoda at Komarno for the Anglo-Danubian, is one of the most powerful tugs on the Danube, and certainly the most efficient; and the tonnage of the freighters (including motor-tankers) at the disposal of the two British companies is greater than that of either the French, Jugoslav, Rumanian or Hungarian companies, and little less than that of the Czechoslovakian. In 1935, of the total oil traffic carried by nine countries along the fluvial Danube, England was well to the fore with over 16 per cent. This is no mean achievement, when one remembers that the Anglo-Danubian has only existed for five years.

Now it should be clear from this sketch of the state of trade on the Danube, that the importance of the C.I.D. is not merely in fostering the international exchange of goods, but also in helping to prevent the economic domination of the whole Danubian area by any particular power or group of powers. That Soviet Russia is expected to claim a seat on the C.I.D.—for which as a member of the League, a Black Sea Power and former mistress of the Delta she could make out a very good case—in the event of its ever being reorganised, and that Hitler in 1936 took the trouble to denounce the Commission and withdraw the German representatives, is sufficient indication of this.

The enormous trade significance the Danube can have for Germany is revealed by the figures quoted above for the Iron Gates in 1917; further, a close examination of the record figures for 1936 leads to the conclusion that they were swollen to a large extent by the action of Germany in accumulating special reserves from the countries of the middle and lower Danube, whose trade had been sharply deflected towards her through the judicious manipulation of her closed economic system. If Germany wishes to concentrate the trade of the Danubian countries in her own hands, and to assure herself of their primary products, their oil, cereals, timber and ores, in war-time as well as peace, she can clearly have little use for a Danube Commission as at present constituted. Directly after the Anschluss she cancelled the powers of the Austrian delegate, thus bringing the river right down to Devin under her exclusive control—in theory. At the same time, there is reason to believe that for the present she will in practice allow the trade to proceed as before, and will not exercise any pressure on the C.I.D. to quit its central offices in the Hofburg in Vienna nor refuse to recognise the diplomatic privileges of its members; it is not difficult to appreciate that a reorganised C.I.D. would offer more advantages to her in the next phase of history than no C.I.D. at all. If she wishes, however, she can at any moment cause grave embarrassment to the work of the C.I.D. by insisting that all trade to and from the ports between Ulm and the Czech frontier still be carried in German bottoms. That she intends in any case to pursue a forward policy on the Danube, was clear from the declarations of General Göring, that a super-port was to be made out of Vienna, and many other works for the improvement of the river's facilities immediately put in hand. Very soon after, the German press was full of prophecies that the Rhine-Main-Danube Canal would be completed in the space of two or three years—the original time spoken of for the work was nearer twenty years—an achievement which would further enormously increase the value of the Danube for Greater Germany. Another hint was also dropped, of a more ominous character: that a fleet of war vessels was immediately to be built for river service, with its headquarters at Linz. One country at least reacted with alarm to this news. Rumania, remembering the terms of the Treaty of Buftea, which she was forced to conclude with Germany during the war, and its special clauses concerning her oil, did not conceal that the building of these war vessels was a matter of supreme concern to her. The *Currentul* reminded its readers that in a war Rumanian oil would be vitally necessary for Germany, and also control of the Delta, through which about two-thirds of Rumania's imports from the Western countries are received. That access to Rumanian oil must also play an important part in the strategy of England in a future air-war, need hardly be emphasised. England has already established herself in the oil-carrying trade of the Danube; but this, one cannot help feeling, is only one of the reasons why she should be as interested as any of the riparian States in maintaining the status and authority of the C.I.D., and preventing exclusive domination, from whatever side it may come.

JOHN LEHMANN

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

AUSTRALIA is by far the oldest of the continents. That is why her mountain ranges have been worn down and her centre has dried up. So a learned scientist at Adelaide explained to me. The Blue Mountains behind Sydney, now not much more than 4,000 feet high, were once over 15,000 feet. I crossed part of that dry centre on the Trans-continental Railway. For two days, between Kalgoorlie and Port Augusta, it was sheer desert, a plain of red dust, worse than Bedouin country. But politically Australia is the youngest of the continents, and I went, representing His Majesty's Opposition at Westminster, to the hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebrations at Sydney of the first British Settlement.

In Australia social equality is in the air. Australians are not socially cowed. No "aristocratic embrace" is possible where there are no aristocrats. There is wealth and poverty, of course, but both much less extreme, massive and enduring than with us. Australia is much less remote than we from the classless society. At a reception given by the members of the New South Wales Parliament, I tried in vain to guess which of our hosts were Labour and which were Ministerialists. It was impossible to distinguish them. In physique, in bearing, in speech, they differed only as individuals, not as groups.

I was invited to a Law Convention, at which the Federal Attorney-General was to read a paper on the Statute of Westminster. With other visitors I was placed in the front row of the platform. In the second row were a number of Australia's most eminent judges. Before the session was formally opened, a press photographer came forward from the body of the hall to get a picture of the platform. "Will the gents at the back stand up?" he cried. The judges of the High Court rose obediently. My mind wandered to our own Lord Chief Justice and his learned brethren.

In each of the States I found much that interested and attracted me. But it was Queensland which stimulated me most. Queensland has a character of her own. She extends well into the tropics and carries the largest white population of any tropical region in the world. This population, principally engaged in the cane sugar industry, has a high standard of living in terms of real income. It has also a high standard of health. Infant mortality, for example, in Queensland as a whole is 36 per thousand; in tropical Queensland it is 38; in this country it is half as large again, and in some parts of this country more than twice as large. Queensland has proved that the White Australia Policy is a practical proposition and that, given good wages and social services, a white race can not only live well, but can perpetuate itself, within the tropics. Some say that a new physical type is being bred under these conditions, taller, thinner, wirier and sallower than further south.

In North Queensland there is a substantial number of Italians. Many are now naturalised, and many of the younger generation are Australian born. They soon become assimilated, I was told, to their new surroundings. Most are either anti-Fascist or quite indifferent to Fascism. A Labour member

of the Queensland Parliament, who represents the constituency with the highest proportion of Italian voters, praised them as citizens and workers and said that most of them voted for him.

Politically Queensland is the strongest and steadiest Labour State in Australia. Labour Governments have been in power continuously since 1914, except for three years, 1929–32. Labour has had outstanding leaders here, first Ryan, then Theodore, and now Forgan Smith, who has just won his third election running, with an overwhelming majority.

Queensland is the only Australian State with a Single Chamber. The Second Chamber was abolished by Labour in 1922.

Since 1915 there has been a law forbidding the further alienation of the freehold of Crown Lands, a process which in other States has gone to disastrous lengths. Public ownership of land and natural resources is, therefore, on a much larger scale in Queensland than elsewhere. Only 6 per cent. of the area of the State has been alienated—and part of this to local authorities—while 77 per cent. is held under leases and licences from the Government and the remainder is either unoccupied or held as reserves, including National Parks and the tracks of future roads and stock routes. There are now 80 National Park areas covering more than 400,000 acres. The revenue from the rents of public lands, including mining leases, is an important factor in the Budget, equal to the yield from income tax.

Queensland is not, as yet, an industrial State. Its wealth is principally in sugar, tropical fruits, cattle, forests and minerals. The State owns meat works, where much research is being devoted to the export of chilled beef. There is also much effective research regarding the sugar cane. The sugar industry is controlled at every stage—wages and conditions of labour by the Arbitration Court, acreage under sugar, prices of cane to the mills, prices of raw sugar to the refineries, and the retail price of sugar to the consumer, by various Boards and arrangements to which the Government is a party. Labour throughout the State is highly organised, principally in the Australian Workers' Union. Trade Unionism is compulsory in all occupations covered by Arbitration Court awards, that is to say almost universally.

It is significant that Labour in Queensland holds nearly all the " out-back " constituencies, being strongly supported by the membership of the A.W.U. and also by a large number of the small farmers, particularly in the sugar areas.

I was greatly impressed by the Premier, Forgan Smith. Not yet fifty, he is a very powerful personality, a natural leader, with a clear and constructive mind. He has a sense of planning, and a determination to keep not only the wealth but also the population of the State well spread, not concentrated to excess in the capital city, as in the other four mainland States. He has just put through a scheme which, when fully applied, will concentrate all stages of electrical supply " from the generating station to the electric bulb " in the hands of a public corporation and will be a powerful aid to planning. He has a keen eye, too, for able young men. He has promoted several to responsible positions, and has recently appointed Mr. Colin Clark to be Economic Adviser to the Government.

New Zealand is only 1,200 miles from the east coast of Australia, nearer than Sydney is to Perth. But it is quite another world. There is little contact or sense of common interest. New Zealanders seldom cross to Australia, though there is more movement in the opposite direction. The present Prime Minister of New Zealand is an Australian, and so are three of his cabinet colleagues. In physical features New Zealand is much more spectacular than Australia; in personal characteristics the reverse is true. The Southern Alps, in the South Island of New Zealand, are a magnificent range, rising to over 12,000 feet, nearly twice the height of the highest mountains in Australia. And they rise almost straight out of the open sea, their lower slopes densely clothed in virgin bush, with glaciers running down, right into this bush, to within 600 feet of sea level. This amazing conjunction is found nowhere else in the world. I shall never forget my brief vision of these glories.

Likewise the Geyser Valleys and the terrific Blow Holes of the Thermal Region in the North Island are without equal, either in Australia or elsewhere.

But the dwellers in this wonderland are a quiet people. As in Australia, one is conscious of common-sense democracy, social equality and physical health, but of much less emphasis and personal colour.

Yet in politics New Zealand is pioneering again, as in the 'nineties of last century. Then she led the world in adopting women's suffrage, old-age pensions, industrial arbitration, and a wide range of new state activities. Those were the days of Seddon and Pember Reeves and a Liberal-Labour Government which combined energy with skill and judgment. To-day Messrs. Savage, Peter Fraser, Nash, and their colleagues in New Zealand's Labour Government, are blazing new trails, proving that Socialism and Social Reform are not alternative but complementary policies, and demonstrating that Democracy, competently handled, can deliver the goods. These Ministers are a good team. I met them all, and many other interesting people, in a few crowded days at Wellington. With the aid of a great variety of public works, they have practically wiped out unemployment. They are controlling and cautiously expanding credit through the Reserve Bank and the State Advances Corporation. They are creating a brand new Socialist industry, in iron and steel. They are launching a Pensions and Health scheme more generous in its benefits than any in the world. They are letting no grass grow under their feet. They are acting on the favourite exhortation of Bob Semple, their Australian-born Minister of Public Works, the biggest thruster in the Cabinet, who frequently adjures slow-moving officials, public bodies or groups of workmen to " Go and get your running shoes."

HUGH DALTON

A LONDON DIARY

Cold and grey weather did not spoil May Day. I never saw Hyde Park so full—how do people know if there were 100,000 or 200,000 people?—nor have I seen it anything like so gay. Hundreds of banners, bold and brilliant, and startling caricatures, some of them—the one of Chamberlain running, for instance—cleverly designed and drawn. The weakness I thought was the " ideological " complication of the slogans; to the uninstructed " Arms for Spain: Arms for Peace " is puzzling, especially when shouted side by side with " Not a man, not a gun for an Imperialist War." Argued, these are defensible and not contradictory propositions, but they lack that direct and simple appeal which Hitler (who after all knows something of the subject) recommends to those who would win over the masses of the bourgeoisie. I can't pretend I heard the speeches from the big platforms. I saw Edith Summerskill, with the laurels of West Fulham round her head, smiling in the distance, but the crowds round her or Ellen Wilkinson or the other well-known Labour leaders were colossal, and I wandered off to the side-shows. There was Charlie, as usual, with his permanent grouse against Lloyd George and his obsession about pasteurisation, and there was our old friend the " Abyssinian," with a red, white and blue headdress and a huge Union Jack. How does his finale go?

> God makes the bees,
> The bees make honey,
> The soldier fights your battles,
> And the bookie takes your money!

And there was a grand actor whose argument, if he had one, escaped me. This was coupled with another invention—a rubber roof over London on which the bombs would bounce back and destroy the aeroplanes that dropped them! It was a good rag on A.R.P., and expressed the general view that these precautions are a lot of ballyhoo. But I think there was more in Hyde Park than disillusion and confused resentment; there was, above all else, fury at the betrayal of Spain.

In the select horrors reported from Austria not much attention has been paid to the new authorities in the Burgenland. To the Viennese, naturally, nothing is generally known; if only because for the moment atrocities are out of fashion among the German Liberators of Austria. But the facts are that the local Gauleiter, during the early weeks of the revolution, turned his attention to one of the very few colonies of agrarian Jews in Europe, settled on their farms, remarkably enough, for centuries, and living at peace with their Austrian and Hungarian neighbours. These peasants—there were many hundreds of them—were evicted without warning, stripped of all they possessed, refused passports, and ordered to clear out over the frontier. There they were met by a Hungarian patrol and driven back again into Austria, to which, naturally, they were refused admission. Those with a Hungarian passport, such as the connoisseur Sandor Wolff, who has spent many years in forming a unique collection in Eisenstadt, the capital of the Burgenland, were fortunate enough to be stripped and evicted only. I was told that one trainload were promised asylum in Vienna, only to be turned back when they reached the city. Some straggled down into Jugoslavia. The rest killed themselves. According to the press reports the blossom in the Burgenland is particularly fine this year and a very heavy tourist traffic is expected.

* * *

One of the most alarming developments at the moment is the growth of anti-Semitism in France. I have in front of me a sort of French *Der Stürmer* called *Je Suis Partout*, attributing all the troubles of the world to the Jews. Much of this propaganda is directly financed by Germany. It catches on all the more easily in these days; of course, it coincides with the disruption of the Popular Front and it is easy to ridicule Blum and some of his Jewish associates. Another tribute to Dr. Goebbels as a propagandist is the sudden discovery in a number of French papers that Czechoslovakia is really not a proper State at all, but an invention of the devil and Versailles and an oppressor of good Germans. I've met this same surprising discovery in England too. People talk as if the Sudetendeutschen were an oppressed minority, like the Polish Ukrainians or the Jews in Germany, and you will read in quite reputable papers remarks about these Germans "returning" to the Fatherland as if they had once been part of the Reich and had been taken from it like the Germans in Silesia or the Italian Tirol. But no one remembers the Tirol nowadays, unless it is Mussolini as he feasts with Hitler.

* * *

A friend who has been working for some years in the Far East sends me the following unusual comments. She writes from China:

> It's not trying to be high-souled that causes one to feel more sorry for the Japanese than for the Chinese. The latter have such thorough integrity that one cannot pity them. They just know the art of life. Their dignity never has to be assumed. . . . But these poor, insignificant-looking, fussy, bayonet-loving Japanese—some of them so ashamed, some just in a muddle, all longing to go home, their wounded soldiers asking for dolls. . . . Yes, really! But that is not so funny as it sounds. They have a yearly doll festival at home with beautiful dolls in classic dress. I watched twenty of these Japanese soldiers the other day off duty playing blind man's buff for an hour! Such healthy peels of laughter floated up to the hill-top where I was picnicing! I have a few tussles with them, as you can imagine. One pushed me down the station slope at Peiping, but after a step or two I got against a wall and waited till they got tired of trying to make us go back into the station and take a different exit.

* * *

The pundits agree that the increased production of armaments in this country will react favourably on the volume of industrial activity and postpone, if they do not avert, fears of a recession. The retiring President of the F.B.I. adds the assurance that there will be no slump even when the present armament programme is finished. According to the same pundits President Roosevelt's programme for public works, houses, roads and flood control is inflationary; it involves, they say, a dangerous increase in the country's indebtedness, while the stimulus it provides will only be temporary and does more to weaken than to strengthen general enterprise. In the same way we may be sure that if any Labour Government in this country started to spend money on schools and hospitals instead of on armaments the economic fabric would collapse. As a Victorian statesman once proclaimed, these are the wonders of the science of political economy, and we should do well to profit by the lessons which that science has taught.

* * *

A colleague tells me that he will shortly be travelling north to have a look at the Empire Exhibition and hopes to give NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers an account of his impressions. I never know about the utility of exhibitions. Personally, I take a delight in the Amusement Park's sideshows, and I suppose exhibitions do stimulate *tourisme*. But do they really increase trade, either in the home market or internationally? So far as this exhibition at Glasgow is relevant to Scottish national problems, I shall be chiefly interested to learn whether its make-up suggests that Scotland is still making the old mistake of concentrating on the heavy industries, or is turning effectively towards development of the new, light industries on which her industrial employment must in future largely depend.

* * *

Shakespeare had an apt comment on our state to-day. You will read in the first part of *Henry VI*, Act I, Scene I:

> One would have lingering wars with little cost;
> Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
> A third thinks, without expense at all,
> By guileful fair words peace may be obtained.
> . . . Of England's coat one half is cut away.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Gerard Fay.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

To drink beer is for your country's good as well as for your own. Every time you raise a glass of beer to your lips—you do *double* good. You not only benefit *yourself*—you help to keep the country's flag flying. Think of this wherever you go—into a little country inn or the bar of a town hotel. Say to yourself 'for the country's well-being as much as for my own—beer is best!'—Advt. in *Sunday Times*.

One of the first results of the pact with Eire is that Mr. Neville Chamberlain will go fishing in Galway as soon as the House rises in July.—*Sunday Dispatch*.

In an interval Captain A. H. Farley (vice-chairman of the Middlesex Cadet Association) addressed the assembly on the objects of the Territorial Cadets. They did not want to train the boys to be soldiers; they wanted to make men of them, he said. They hoped that when the recruits reached 18 years of age they would join the Territorials.—*Hornsey Journal*.

My views on the social services are well known but sometimes misunderstood. I am in favour of social services provided they are of the right kind and that there is no waste.

The expenditure of taxpayers' money sets up certain trends in the national economy. For instance, if we spend huge sums of money on pensions we will create a nation of aged people. If we give pensions to spinsters we will create more spinsters—the fertility of the nation will go down, or its view of morals will change for the worse.—S. W. Alexander in *Evening Standard*.

The Rev. E. P. Orr, vicar of Littlehampton, has decided to try to reduce motor accidents by blessing cars brought to his church on Rogation Sunday (May 22).

Mrs. Orr said to-day, "My husband says that the driver who does not observe the simple rules of the road will in no way benefit by his benediction."—*Evening Standard*.

Choristers of Magdalen College, Oxford, sing Latin hymn from top of their tower on May Day. Now immortalised in "The Yank at Oxford."—*News Chronicle.*

Mr. Macquisten (Argyll, U.) said that some Hon. Members were sickeningly ignorant on the subject of tea. It was not the poor classes that drank cheap tea; the rubbish was drunk in the West End. It was in Kensington where the frozen meat was sold, not the East End.—*Times.*

YOU CANNOT EXPLAIN

A GERMAN lady, a stranger, has sent me a letter of protest against something I wrote the other day about "expurgating the dictionary." The article was based on a statement reported to have been made by General Queipo de Llano: "We have struck the word 'pity' out of our vocabulary"; and, so far as I can remember, I raised the question whether, as a result of the theory of dictatorship, men were not becoming increasingly cruel in their treatment of opponents in many parts of Europe. It is an important question to anyone who believes that cruelty—especially official cruelty—is a mark of decivilisation, and it ought to be easy to give some sort of answer to it. There are some people wearing rose-coloured spectacles, it may be, who would answer it with a flat "No." More reasonable people, defending the dictatorships, would explain that what is still taking place in Europe is a terrific revolution, and that during revolutions, as during wars, man's inhumanity to man is inevitable. To that I would reply that even in wars conquerors have been renowned for their clemency, and that it is possible to accept the normal horrors of war as inevitable and yet to hate a policy of deliberately adding to them. The main point is whether in wars or revolutions you claim the right to add the miseries of persecution to the miseries inseparable from conflict. Instead of answering the question, however, the German lady, regarding the article as an attack on dictators and therefore on Hitler, retorts that the English themselves were cruel in carrying on the blockade of Germany after the war. "Did it not occur to you," she writes, "that the expurgating of the word 'pity' would have taken place very well some fifteen or twenty years ago? Perhaps you have completely forgotten that there existed something known as the British blockade which continued after the war, and that there existed certain British statesmen who forced a half-starved country to deliver 100,000 cows, as you may read over in the armistice and peace conditions. At this time all hungering German women and children were waiting in vain for the 'pity' and 'mercy' of the victorious nations, so why reproach to others what you haven't done yourself and are not willing to do even to-day?"

I thought at first of writing a letter to the lady; but, on second thoughts, I decided not to do so, as any correspondence between us was likely only to degenerate into a polite exchange of *tu quoques*. In politics, as in religion, you cannot explain your point of view to an impassioned opponent, for your opponent can see nothing but his own side, and, perhaps, you can see nothing but yours. What use would it have been to explain to the German lady that many English men and women were opposed to the continuance of the blockade and were advocates of mercy at that time as they are advocates of mercy to-day? What use, again, to suggest that, if the Germans had won, they would have been at least as merciless to the conquered—most English people would say more merciless? To the first statement she would reply that the protests of a few people were worthless and did not put an end to the starvation of the women and children. The second suggestion she would probably answer with an indignant denial, recalling that in the hysteria of war Englishmen believed that German soldiers cut off the hands of Belgian babies. If I pointed out that the critics of dictatorships at the present day are to a great extent the same people who then refused to believe the nonsense about the Belgian babies, and diverted the correspondence to the German submarine blockade and the use of poison gas as examples of wartime "ruthlessness," she would almost certainly reply that during the war the Germans did nothing that the English would not have done in the same circumstances. Which may, or may not, be true. In any case, we could go on arguing till Doomsday, she going back to the Indian Mutiny, the use of savage Red Indians in the American War of Independence, and the horrors of the slave-trade—while I should, no doubt, go back via Nietzsche and Treitschke to Bismarck, and thence to some ferocious old general whose name I forget, ending at last with a damning quotation from Tacitus. That is the worst of *tu quoque* arguments. It is better never to begin them.

There is one thing, however, that I should like to have impressed on the German lady as a reason for not believing in dictatorship. It is that under a democracy the voice of mercy is permitted to speak, whereas under a dictatorship, no criticism of the authorities, however mercilessly they may behave to the minority, is allowed. Let us admit for the sake of argument that all Governments, democratic or dictatorial, are equally capable of cruelty. Is it not all the more important that Governments should be open to criticism on occasions on which they behave with inhumanity? English cruelty—often the result of short-sightedness and stupidity, as a great deal of public cruelty is—has for generations been denounced by a considerable body of Englishmen. It was denounced at the time of the farm-burnings and concentration camps during the Boer War. It was denounced during the Black-and-Tan campaign in Ireland. If England had been under a dictatorship during the Black-and-Tan campaign, no newspaper would have been allowed to publish a word in condemnation of the atrocities, and thousands of Socialists, Liberals and even Conservatives—including Sir Oswald Mosley—would have been sent to gaol for attacking the Government. Yet this criticism was one of the things that ultimately led to a settlement in Ireland. It is often claimed for dictatorship that it gets things done, but it must be said for democracy that it, too, has a way of getting things done—most of us think, a better way.

My German correspondent, however, is apparently not only content to live under a dictatorship under which no action of the authorities may be criticised, but is insistent that nothing the dictators do must be criticised by foreigners. "Why," she asks, "is the English press so bitter and revengeful as to the recovery of the German nation? Why have you nothing else to write in your papers but that the German people is oppressed and is suffering under a terrible yoke?" The answer to the first of these questions is that the English press, or a large section of it, is by no means revengeful, but is critical of Hitler's foreign policy. The answer to the second is that the English press, or a section of it, while not suggesting that the Germans as a whole are oppressed, is critical of Hitler's domestic policy in so far as it involves the oppression of certain minorities, including Jews, Protestants, Catholics, and men of Labour or Communist sympathies. One of the tests of good government, according to the democratic theory, is the freedom and happiness of minorities. Democracy is a system of majority rule tempered by the right of the minority to criticise and oppose it and turn itself into a majority if it can. Apart from this, Germans exercise the right to criticise England, France and Russia. Why, then, deny foreigners the right to criticise Germany?

It is evidently, however, the criticism of Hitler himself that wounds my German correspondent most, as it wounds many Germans. Patriotic Germans to-day undoubtedly resent an attack on Hitler as patriotic Englishmen resented gross caricatures of Queen Victoria in the French press during the Boer War. They hold that ordinary courtesy demands that Englishmen should speak of him with the same respect that they show in speaking of the King of England. "Why," the German lady asks, "is Hitler always called a cruel and terrible man? What would you say if we should call the King of England a traitor, an imbecile, a Nero and similar flattering names?" What can we say to this except that Englishmen have also a perfect right

—which some of them exercise—to call Hitler a great and good man, the saviour of his country, and that the King of England, if he threw himself into politics and attempted to make himself dictator, would be called far worse names by Englishmen than any German could think of. The King of England is the head of the State, outside politics and the criticism it entails. The Führer is not only the head of the State, but is an extremely active politician whose decisions may affect the fortunes, not only of his own people, but of Europe. His decisions may be right or wrong, but in politics no man ever born was so infallible that it was safe to put him in a position above criticism. The Kings of England were once politicians and claimed the divine right of dictators. That was the origin of English democracy. Democracy is a denial of the divine right of rulers whether they come from a long line of kings or from the working-classes. That is why those who believe in democracy cannot refrain from criticising dictatorships—which might spread.

So I might have written to the German lady. But I am afraid I should no more have been able to convince her of the rightness of my point of view than she has succeeded in convincing me of the rightness of hers. She would always return to the infallibility of Hitler. "We would rather," she says, "shed our last drop of blood for him than believe once more those who are talking of 'pity' while they only mean the invulnerability of their own hegemony." "We should love to live at peace with you," she concludes, "but why all these calumnies?" What calumnies, I wonder? Pastor Niemöller? Concentration camps? The German lady does not explain, and, if I explained, I am afraid it would be useless. I was deeply interested in her courteous letter, but I am not good at theological argument and dictator-worship has now evidently become a branch of theology. Y. Y.

POLICE COURTS

If anything more than "Solicitor's" articles were needed to destroy one's faith in the justice administered by lay magistrates generally, I would recommend a short term at the reporters' table in the court which it is part of my work to cover regularly. It is one of the busiest courts in the Metropolitan Police area not possessing a stipendiary magistrate, but although it has a generous supply of lay justices and the court building contains two adequate court rooms, the full court, with rare exceptions, sits only three days a week and—again with rare exceptions—on only one of those days are both rooms used. (I am not counting a juvenile court which sits one day a week.) The result is that if you are not lucky enough to be arrested on the right day you will come before one magistrate at a remand court and you will stand an excellent chance of being remanded in custody for several days before your case is heard.

This is a bad enough start; but when you have again reached the dock and you stand at last before a Bench equipped with enough magistrates to deal with you your chance, in anything but the most straightforward case, depends, I am afraid, very largely on the luck of who should happen to be sitting on the Bench that day. Occasionally I am asked by some defendant to recommend a solicitor to him; I always feel like replying: "It would be very much more help to you if I could recommend your magistrates." Undoubtedly there are some painstaking men and women who are sincerely anxious to do justice and who, if they have prejudices, make every effort to suppress them. But there are others, and it is of some of the sayings and doings of these that I wish to write in this article. The examples which I quote are all from actual cases which have been heard during the past 12 months.

In any case of a sexual nature a defendant before what I call a "Bad Bench," seems to have a particularly thin chance of getting off; the mere bringing of a case would seem, with some Benches, almost to imply a conviction. If I were asked for advice in such a case I think that I would advise a defendant to plead guilty—unless he could afford to appeal. With a plea of not guilty he will be spared the publicity of the detailed evidence which would otherwise be given and he may quite possibly get off with a lighter penalty on conviction. Here, for instance, is what happened in a case in which there was a plea of not guilty.

The defendant was a young married man and he was accused of having indecently exposed himself to a young woman in the street shortly after 11 o'clock one night. The young woman described what she alleged that she saw the man do near a lamp-post. She said that she waited just long enough to see him turn down a side road, called out "You beast" and ran back towards a main road. She complained to another man and they walked along the main road towards the corner of the side turning. There they saw a man whom she accused of being the man she had seen previously and they went up to him and spoke to him. He denied the alleged offence, gave the young woman his card and said that if she wished to make further inquiries she might do so. He then went away.

No police officer was present at the time, but later complaint was made to the police.

The man to whom the prosecutrix had complained gave evidence of the conversation with the accused, but naturally he could give no evidence of the actual offence alleged. Both he and the young woman expressed the opinion that the accused man was not intoxicated.

The defendant, who pleaded not guilty, gave evidence. He said that his wife was on the danger-list in hospital and that after visiting her he felt very worried and upset. He had a number of drinks to try to forget his worries and after closing-time he got on a 'bus to go home. On the 'bus he felt ill, so he got off and walked up a quiet road to be on his own for a bit—for obvious and quite intelligible reasons. He said that he could remember very little of what happened. He did not think that there was anybody about, he did not see the prosecutrix and he did not remember her calling out "Beast." He added that if he had exposed himself while possibly urinating it had been with no intention of insulting anybody and if the young woman had been there he apologised. A solicitor who defended him submitted that his story was quite a natural one and he also pointed out that the fact that his client had given his card and had made no attempt to run away was in his favour. Further, he made the obvious submission that the young woman might easily have mistaken what was actually being done.

It should be borne in mind that to substantiate the charge the prosecution had to prove not merely exposure but exposure that was done "unlawfully, openly, lewdly and obscenely" and also "with intent to insult." However, in spite of this, and in spite of the fact that the proof rested on the uncorroborated evidence of one young woman, the Bench convicted and fined the defendant £10. That the two witnesses for the prosecution said that the accused man was not intoxicated is not, strictly speaking, material; it could only be an expression of opinion. The defendant's story is, at the lowest, a possible one and, in his worried state, he might easily have had enough to drink to make him feel thoroughly ill without necessarily making him obviously drunk. Can anyone say that in this case there is not an element of reasonable doubt? Yet, the young man was convicted—with what possible results on his career one does not like to think.

But apart from dubious decisions among the most distressing things in court are the occasions when a justice seems to delight in "ramming home" what may be a comparatively trivial offence (I am not now referring to sexual cases) with a "few well chosen words" on sentence which may make the offence appear very much more serious than, perhaps, it is. Thus a man may be told that his offence, which, perhaps, has definitely extenuating circumstances, is "one of the foulest" that "anybody could imagine," that he has "disgraced himself very thoroughly," or something like that. Even more unfair was the remark I heard made from the Bench to a middle-aged man in poor circumstances who pleaded guilty

to a first offence of pilfering. (The offence, the court was told by a witness, was committed at a time when the man had trouble at home owing to his wife's illness.) The man said that it was the first time he had touched anything, whereupon it was cuttingly observed from the Bench that it was funny that he should have been found out the first time. That particular remark was not in any way material and seemed so unfair that personally I did not report it, but the trouble about such sayings from the Bench is that they are often, and no doubt often deliberately made so, good copy and will probably be given prominence in the local press, causing additional and, it may be, quite unmerited punishment. Such remarks are particularly to be deplored when a case is dealt with under the Probation Act and a defendant, perhaps trying desperately to get a job, will continue to live in his normal surroundings. It may be said that in giving publicity to such remarks as I have mentioned, my colleagues and I are at fault and so, in a sense, we are; but it must not be forgotten that it is our job to report what takes place in court for our respective newspapers, and if a magistrate chooses to make some sensational or dramatic statement there would probably be trouble if we failed to report it. I can assure anybody who may read this that I, and I know that I speak for many of my colleagues, have often bitterly resented some of the things which we have had to report.

The real remedy is for a magistrate to think very carefully of what may result outside the court from what he says in his privileged position, and not lightly to deliver himself of some pronouncement such as I have quoted unless the case in question—as, of course, some cases legitimately do—has provided real grounds for making it.

Naturally it is not all defendants who are as unlucky as those from whose cases I have quoted. The ways of differently constituted Benches are startlingly different and the wheels of lay justice wander bewilderingly from side to side of the road. Not only is there a discrepancy between the methods of different magistrates but sometimes there is a surprising discrepancy in the behaviour of an individual justice—a magistrate who is capable of acting with real generosity in a case which has in some way appealed to him may be capable on another day of doing or of saying something which cries aloud for redress. These discrepancies are a lamentable feature of lay justice, for it is small comfort to a man who has suffered badly on an off-day to know that someone else has been surprisingly well treated.

But I have said enough to show that in the court I cover—a court which is probably no worse and possibly better than many others—things are done which would make anybody ashamed of English justice. Fortunately there are the High Courts: but unfortunately procedure in the summary courts comes to the notice of High Court judges all too rarely.

REPORTER

Correspondence

LABOUR AND THE POPULAR FRONT

SIR,—Over a generation ago, a small body of Trade Unionists and Socialists decided that a new Parliamentary Party was necessary; to-day we are being asked to reverse that decision—the decision that "Liberal Democracy" has nothing of final value to offer to the working classes, or at least that the achievement of Socialism was not possible through co-operation with the Liberal Party.

What are the changed circumstances that have made it necessary, so we are told, to reconsider that decision?

The most important and obvious change that has been so conveniently forgotten by the Popular Front advocates (except perhaps the Liberals among them) is that to-day that new Party, founded at the turn of the century, has become the official Opposition and that the Liberal Party has declined to a mere rump both in Westminster and in the country.

Instead we are told (*a*) that the international situation is such that unless Chamberlain be removed we shall shortly have war; (*b*) the Labour Party itself cannot remove Chamberlain; and this necessitates (*c*) an alliance with the Liberal Opposition.

With statement (*a*) no one disagrees: (*b*) is presented to us as being axiomatic. But is this the case. That Labour candidates have been regularly returned at recent by-elections seems equally to support the view that Labour can get Chamberlain out without Liberal help. On this point let us, however, preserve for the time an open mind, until conclusive proof one way or the other has been presented.

The crucial point, however, is "does (*b*) necessarily imply (*c*)?" On a short term view it obviously does. But when you have replaced Chamberlain by a Popular Front Government, what is your policy at home and abroad? Abroad, you revive the League and Collective Security. But at home, what? Certainly not Socialism. This is surely obvious; for if our Liberal friends believe in Socialism and are willing to put it into operation, why are they not members of the Labour Party? While they refuse to join a party which is Socialist in ideal and which puts no barrier in their way, one is forced to the conclusion that at some stage in a Socialist internal programme they would find it necessary to abstain or oppose—and so bring down the Government. (If their abstention would not bring down the Government then there was no need for a Popular Front in the first place.) At this stage, essentially what happened to the two previous Labour Governments, you have exactly that disunion among the democratic forces and the apparent inability of Democracy to "deliver the goods" upon which Fascism thrives.

The very condition of such a Government retaining its unity is that it moves as slow as its slowest members. It means in fact that we are not going to get Socialism.

If we are told that we must then replace these Liberals by Labour Members in another election, this is surely merely postponing the issue and presenting ourselves with strengthened opposition in a number of marginal seats. Moreover, having told recently converted Liberals that they must, after all, vote Liberal, that in fact they need not have been converted after all, because the Liberals for all their belief in capitalism are very nice people, will you ever get these votes back again? I do wish that Popular Front advocates would realise that once a struggling country Constituency Labour Party tells its members to vote Liberal, it has lost its reason for existence and committed political suicide. Let us not forget that though the international situation may be critical, by forming a Popular Front we cast away the efforts of untiring and unselfish workers in small villages and country towns throughout the country, workers who despite isolation and victimisation, have built up an organisation inspired by a belief in Socialism, an organisation that is so necessary to win this country for Socialism, and one not lightly to be cast aside, because some faint hearts fear we may not be able to win alone.

It may be that the Labour Party cannot win power alone, it may be that the international situation is so bad that we must resign hopes of getting Socialism in this generation. But this has in no sense been proved. Do not let us hysterically forget the cost of forming a Popular Front among our smaller but growing local Labour Parties, to say nothing of the unemployed, the distressed areas and the young, who wait impatiently for "Socialism in our time."

R. S. G. RUTHERFORD,
Prospective Labour Candidate,
Banbury (North Oxfordshire).

22 Museum Road,
Oxford.

PENALISING MARRIAGE

SIR,—May I draw attention to a feature of the Income Tax which, though not peculiar to the new budget, has never received the consideration to which its moral and social implications entitle it?

I refer to its unfair discrimination against married people.

An unmarried man and woman, each earning £250 a year, are each entitled to an earned income allowance of £50, and a personal allowance of £100; leaving a taxable balance of £100, on which tax is levied at 1*s.* 8*d.* in the pound; each thus paying £8 6*s.* 8*d.* in tax; a total of £16 13*s.* 4*d.*

If they marry, they are entitled, whether jointly or separately assessed, to a joint earned income allowance of £100, and a joint personal allowance of £180; leaving a taxable balance of £220, on the first £135 of which tax is levied at 1*s.* 8*d.*, and on the remaining £85 at 5*s.* 6*d.* in the pound; a total tax of £34 12*s.* 6*d.* Apart from its gross unfairness, the penalising of marriage to this startling extent is socially undesirable and morally indefensible.

A. WILLIAMS-PEACOCK

7 Glenair Avenue, Parkstone.

THE FRENCH LEFT

SIR,—In your number of April 2nd, Mr. Alexander Werth gives an account of the Paris metal workers strikes implying that, though the Paris working class had some good reasons to complain of the employers, these were not sufficient to explain the strike. Your correspondent prefers to retain the explanation of the Communist leaders who blame the Revolutionary Left-wing of the Socialist Party, Trotskyists, Anarchists, "irresponsible elements," "Fascist provocateurs," and "foreign agents."

Does Mr. Werth realise that, by associating genuine representatives of a tendency of the working-class movement with Fascist agents, without going to the trouble of verifying if such accusation is based on any concrete evidence, he is helping to create an atmosphere of suspicion and hatred which, in countries like Spain, has led to the imprisonment and shooting of so many members of Left working-class parties.

May we point out that, in a statement of March 25th, concerning the Citröen strike, the secretaries of the Paris metal-workers Union, who are Communists, declared

> The reason for the strike movement lies in the fact that the direction of the Citröen factories, as happens, by the way, in all industries, refuses to accept the adaptation of wages to the increased cost of living.
>
> We must make it clear that the movement does not obey any Trade Union directives.
>
> Since the 28th February, on the expiry of the collective contracts, the workers have asked again and again that the adjustment of wages might be discussed with the directors.
>
> These conciliatory efforts on the part of the workers have only met with rebuffs from the directors. Subsequently they sent several delegations to the Ministry of Labour, the Chamber and even the Senate. All these proceedings remained without result. Such were the reasons which forced the workers to strike.

So while refusing to take the responsibility of the strike, the Trade Union leaders admitted that no other solution was left. The Trotskyist-Fascist version came later. From all the information we received from our members in the factories concerned, the decision to strike was taken unanimously on the proposals of the local Trade Union delegates.

As for the Socialist Revolutionary Left, its position is quite clear. The Socialist Federation of the Seine (whose large majority belongs to the revolutionary Left) has answered the Communist accusation of breaking Trade Union discipline by a resolution "trusting its members and sympathisers to show that they were, in the factories, the most faithful to Trade Union democracy, the most fraternal in the discussion, the most disciplined in the struggle." It is needless to say that, though we are ready to defend them against persecution, we have nothing to do with the Trotskyists, who bitterly criticised our policy. The remainder of Mr. Werth's article makes it clear that the "Fascist provocation" version of the strike has been forged by the Communists because they want "National Unity" at any price.

Our opinion is that there cannot be National Unity with parties representing the interests of French employers who finance Fascist organisations and have considerably increased their exports of iron ore and other raw material necessary for war to Germany since Hitler is in power.

THE BUREAU OF THE SOCIALIST FEDERATION
7 rue Meslay, Paris, 3e. OF THE SEINE

THE SHOPS ACTS

SIR,—When Parliament draws a line, much sport can be had by contrasting the position of things on either side of the line; and in writing about the Shops Acts your correspondent takes full advantage of the unrivalled facilities in this respect. One's attitude to such restrictions must, however, always depend upon whether the desirability of their main objective outweighs their vexatious character. It is my definite complaint against your correspondent that his article makes no attempt to explain the real purpose behind shops legislation—a matter which he cheerfully dismisses by stating that the public "have not the slightest idea" of it.

Although the Government has supported and administered the Shops Acts, the initiative for their introduction has throughout come from the retail trade itself. The Shops (Sunday Trading) Restriction Act, for instance, was a private member's measure backed by trade organisations under the leadership of the Early Closing Association, and the suggestion that it was something imposed by the Government upon the shopkeeping community is therefore quite inaccurate. Further it is quite wrong to imply, as your correspondent does, that the passing of the Acts and of local authorities' orders under them has been in any way due to pressure from large retailers. Actually, the large department stores and multiple shop companies and their organisations have never taken the lead in the early closing movement, the backbone of which has been the organisations of small retailers and the distributive Trade Unions. When your correspondent speaks of the Grocers' Federation as "big," he deliberately gives the impression that its membership is composed of large individual firms, whereas it is in fact pre-eminently an organisation of small retailers, and its bigness is wholly in respect of their numbers. Incidentally, the "unofficial spy system" of which your correspondent writes is nothing but a figment of his imagination.

The purpose of the Shops Acts is to ensure to those working in the trade a little leisure time and save them from the competitive pressure to open for all hours and seven days a week in the hope of snatching a fraction of extra business. This argument applies, not merely to the assistant in the small shop, but also to the proprietor of the tiny family shop who appears to be your correspondent's most tender concern. At the same time it has been desired to minimise inconvenience to the public, and exemptions have therefore been authorised to varying extents according to the urgency of customers' needs. Probably in several instances the line has not been drawn in the best possible place, but shifting the line will not reduce the number of theoretical anomalies.

For the sake of accuracy, I should like to put on record some corrections of your correspondent's statements of fact. In discussing evening closing hours, he states that such things as medicines and cooked foods may be sold "into the small hours, if assistants are not employed in the transactions without receiving compensation." Actually there is no such safeguard for assistants under the 1928 Act. In describing the recent Eldorado appeal, he states that it was to legalise the sale of ice-cream after 9.30 p.m. Actually it was in relation to Sunday trading, and it was not to legalise the sale of ice-cream (which is permitted all day on Sunday), but to escape from the obligation of giving the salesman a compensating weekday holiday. Incidentally, the list given of articles which may be sold on Sunday is incomplete, particularly by its omission of ice-cream (which is *not* "counted as confectionery" under the Acts).

The only positive suggestion which your correspondent makes is that "owner-shopkeepers," when open for the sale of newly cooked provisions, should also be allowed to sell anything else in their shops. If such were permitted, then of course every retailer could keep open merely by nominally offering for sale a few slices of ham. Or would your correspondent draw another line?

DONALD BARBER
95 Weston Drive,
Stanmore,
Middlesex.

THE SOCIALIST BOOK CLUB

SIR,—Your contributor "Critic" is needlessly melodramatic in his reference to the Socialist Book Club. Mr. R. F. Batty is a director of Foyles Libraries, Ltd., a commercial concern which runs neither the Socialist Book Club nor any other Book Club, but exists simply to supply numerous "tuppeny libraries" scattered about Britain. As an individual Socialist Mr. Batty's interest in the Socialist Book Club is a purely personal one. The Club exists because a need is felt for an organisation to distribute Socialist literature, the general policy of which will be in sympathy with the policy affirmed by the Labour Party. Personally, as one of the many supporters of the Club, I can see no more objection to Mr. Batty initiating the Club than the proprietor of a publishing house initiating a Book Club with an extreme Left bias.

The term "Left" is ambiguous in any case, and it is possible that the selectors of the Left Book Club would scornfully withhold that description from the present leaders of the Labour Party. If Messrs. Gollancz, Strachey and Laski are "Left," one is entitled to inquire whether Messrs. Alexander, Greenwood and Morrison can justifiably be placed in the same category! It was in reference to this discrimination that, I understand, Mr. Batty asserted a distinction between the Socialist Book Club and the Left Book Club.

Doubtless, the Left Book Club meets a great need, but I suggest there is nothing necessarily sinister in an attempt to meet another need for which the Left Book Club has no desire to cater.

Or, must we assume that there can and must exist only one Club of a Socialist character? In which case I gather that to be scientific Socialists we must obediently and gratefully accept the judgment of the Left Book Club literary triumvirate.

I understand that the Old Testament Jehovah was a very jealous God, but evidently he has competitors!

Need I add that I have not even a farthing's interest either in Foyles Libraries, Ltd., or in Messrs. Foyles, Booksellers, or in the Socialist Book Club? REGINALD SORENSEN

38 Woodside Park Avenue,
Walthamstow, E.17.

THIS ENGLAND

SIR,—In last week's instalment of that admirable feature, *This England*, you honour me with the following quotation:

> Presentation at Court. It means taking part, if only for a second, in the multi-coloured pageantry of British History. It means joining, if only for a moment, the brilliant procession of men and women on whom the British King has smiled.—Beverley Nichols in the *Sunday Express*.

Apart from the fact that I have never written a line for the *Sunday Express*, that the words in question were published in the *Sunday Chronicle*, and that the quotation, torn from its context, amounts to a misquotation, the standard of NEW STATESMAN accuracy is, in this extract, fully maintained.

However, may I ask if one of your cosy little circle of readers would condescend to explain the joke? The lines you have quoted are not an expression of opinion but a statement of fact. If the head of the world's greatest Empire gives you his attention you are, for that second, an important person, as a fragment of the historical scene. You hold the stage. You may be only a silly little super, but the limes are on you.

Is the point so very obscure? If the Editor of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION had curtseyed to Queen Anne (a supposition which, from the tone of his recent leaders, seems all too probable), he would have been, in that brief moment, important. The dullest little speck of heated wood can shine as a spark, against the darkness of oblivion, if it is illuminated by the light that blazes round a great throne.

Finally, may I suggest that if you are searching for material for *This England* you would do well to scan your own columns? A very apposite example might be found in the latest commentary by "Critic," who ends his article with the following words:

> Perhaps a still younger generation is growing up with a sensible literary knowledge of the Bible which will enable them to make sense of Milton and even of Low's cartoons.

If any of your cosy circle wants to see the joke of *that*, I shall be only too happy to enlighten him. BEVERLEY NICHOLS

One Ellerdale Close,
Hampstead, N.W.3.

[The quotation from Mr. Nichols (which we regret having attributed to the wrong Sunday paper) was not printed as being "a joke," but as being typical of that peculiar snobbery which is a very noticeable feature of This England.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

"TO BEG I AM ASHAMED"

SIR,—After seeing Mr. Stonier's review of *To Beg I Am Ashamed*, by Sheila Cousins, I read the book. I can find no valid reason for its suppression; and I should like to register my protest against the sensational methods by which the *Daily Mail* and *Daily Mirror* attacked the book. This enforced withdrawal of an honest, unsentimental, on the whole, interesting and well-written autobiography seems to me deplorable. In my opinion, it contains information of definite social value, especially in that part dealing with the author's life as a child in an industrial school. Her account of this experience and its effect on the nature and development of a sensitive child is both moving and convincing. She has a shrewd eye for details of character and appearance, and a lively, malicious touch on essentials of dialogue. Some of the book is what is called outspoken; never is it anything to do with pornography. Her attitude to her profession (she is a prostitute) is business-like, detached, entirely without self-pity or exhibitionism. What emerges most clearly is the enormous dreariness of its routine. This part of the book makes, in the end, rather boring reading. Nothing less glamorous can be imagined; nor is there any toughness, American brand. Here is a life much like many other obscure lives; not separated, fatal, lost, mysterious; with certain advantages, many disadvantages. Here is a straightforward human being who respects herself. It is true one cannot feel affection for her, and that one gets irritated by her drifting yes-is-as-good-as-no outlook on life. Taken as a whole, it is a depressing book; but this is no reason for forbidding its publication. The fact remains that it is better written and less sexually suggestive than dozens of novels published and lapped up daily by the susceptible young and old. ROSAMOND LEHMANN

SWEETS IN BARCELONA

SIR,—Your Barcelona correspondent speaks of Spanish children who have had no sweets for nearly two years. I think it would please him and others to know that several of the biggest British confectionery firms have sent and are still sending large consignments of chocolates and sweets, which we have distributed through our own relief organisation and through local authorities with whom we are in contact. A large number of Barcelona children, for instance, received English sweets during the "Semana del Niño" last January.

Such gifts, welcome as they are and meeting a real food need, do not go far amongst so many hundreds of thousands of children. I remember very vividly an occasion when I was distributing toffees from a large tin, two to each child; one child actually brought back one of the toffees thinking there had been a mistake.

Friends Service Council, NORMA JACOBS,
Friends House, Spain Committee.
Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

GIFTS FOR SPAIN

SIR,—A Spanish shop is being opened from May 14th–28th at 151 Haverstock Hill, Hampstead (opposite Belsize Park tube station) and any gifts preferably Spanish or artistic which may be sent there by May 10th to be sold for Spain will be greatly appreciated. J. F. HORRABIN MONICA WHATELY
WALTER HUDD AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS
ROLAND PENROSE

Miscellany

PRIVATE VIEWS

THE summer show of the Royal Academy is a beautiful national institution, very tough and bouncing, weird you know, too, in a way, and sad with the perfume of lavender water and the lighter toilet scents, fleeting, wistful, nostalgic and robust. It is a flower that bloomed to perfection in the Edwardian era, but that is a little remote now, and ever since then it has been dying off, and the fact that it is not even yet quite dead, goes to show you how robust it is. All the people have their friends from the country to come along with them, and the whole opening vista of any private view day from 1906 to 1938 is very full indeed of this light, warm current of friendship between the friends and the friends of the friends, for they are all there, and there is this very strong feeling, too, in the part of the room where I now am, that the friends from the country are outnumbering their hosts and hostesses who, maybe, have a town address. That is perhaps why there is this wistful and robust feeling, for nothing is more wistful than the scent of lilac, nor more robust than its woody stalk, for we must remember that it is a tree as well as a flower, we must try not to forget this, and there is, of course, about these friends this suspicion of a lilac *motiv* for memory and kindest messages. So that, sitting on this elegantly buttoned leather sofa in Room III, we know again the soft moment of excitement when the rather queer dress was taken from the wardrobe, and the queer hat was placed at an incorrect angle to the face, that is for to-day slightly made-up (this is delicious, this quite wrong, distressing, funny maquillage that makes the women look a little too bold for their candid eyes). There is one lady who has a white lace arrangement that cascades from the crown of her hat across and beyond the wide brim, falling in a soft movement of very good lace over her left eye, so that the remaining one eye, forced into contrasting prominence to do the work for two, holds and repels enquiry from anxious friends.

The men are very staunch and loyal to their ladies at any time

during the period under retrospect, they have been brought here a little perhaps noli-voli, but they are splendid, such sports, really you know it is ripping of them to be so kind and docile, not to fall over the trains that some of the ladies wear, and even every now and then to make the right remark, to glance here and there, observe and comment; for they, too, have their part in the merry game of chat and smile, and well they bear it. The fashionable town patrons of our academy artists are without the bouquet of their country cousins, ordinary enough in every way, they are ordinarily fashionable, hardened and regimented in their emotional arteries; but these country others, they are quite extraordinary, and never anywhere else at all ever except at Burlington House on private view day might you see them all together, excited a little, happy and unique. "Tom is back," the merry news bell-tones a country voice. "Did you know? Nell gave a party for him. Tom's back. Harry came. Bob's through and Mary's coming." The country narrative runs on and eddies round. "Can't hear a word," cries Lady Nod, who will not let us forget that this remark, current on every public occasion for many years past, has won her a reputation for wit; clever Lady Nod. The queer white faces of the country cousins, far too whitely powdered, smile and beck. "I come," they say, and the words of this poet are most appropriate to the moment, "I come from haunts of coot and hern, I make a sudden sally . . ." So they do, but Lady Nod got in first, it is a pity. Over there, in the populous far corner, is another of this poet's fancies, a town friend, I am sure. "The slight Sir Robert with a watery smile, and educated whisker." Perhaps we might write "whisper" for "whisker" in deference to the calendar, and indeed there is nothing so educated as some of the whispers on private view day.

In physique the people who throng the galleries are all rather tall, except for some of the ladies who are rather thin, but still tall, so that for all this it is a little difficult to come near to the pictures on the wall. But these people are happy, oh happy band, how happy they all are, and the pictures, for one must come to the pictures, they are so happy, too, smug in a mediocrity that is sometimes quite excruciating, entirely so pleased with themselves, and happy on this day to receive their dear friends the spectators. "Our Academy," "Our dear pictures," like children the spectators have this possessive feeling; they are very worked up, too, you know, very apt to be provoked; but always, of course, a dignified control operates, loosed only for a toss of the incorrectly poised hat brim, or a muffled howl within a masculine throat.

The portraits of these happy people, for they are hung in oils upon the walls as well as pressed in flesh upon each other, have nothing of their delicate peculiar spirit, are nothing but bright masks, coloured competently to last a year or two, cheer none, appal but artists, woo oblivion. When these people have so much in their faces that one may look upon them for a long time and then not reach the end of it, be held and fascinated in conjecture and pursuit, why is it that the painter, catching nothing of it, must be so tired, abandoned to disinterest before the first sitting is at end? It is certainly the painter's fault, and not the fault of the enthralling ladies and gentlemen who sit for him; the soldier, the public house keeper, the simpering debutante, her older sister, the alderman, the admiral and all the people of the cherry stones. If Goya could paint his revealing Isabella and not have the canvas torn by outraged lady so for all posterity betrayed, might not our artists venture something in pursuit of revelation; no human being is so empty of all virtue and all vice as these poor dummies; so it must be that the artist cannot, and not dare not. Not cowardice but lack of skill restrains, and he, in colouring so often excellent, technique so facile, only dummy-paints; ah, so to paint so well, and yet paint nothing; this is where the sadness lies, too deep to run beneath Edwardian fancies. How deeply sad, with only slight exception, the show of all these pictures is; so many miles of competently covered canvases, and hardly ever at all anything to excuse the paint, the canvas and time spent.

The landscapes in the Academy are mostly representational; one thinks, not: "This is a lovely painting," but: "This must be a lovely field, a hedge, a roadway; why, it is for a memory of a dear countryside, this happy England." There is a picture of sea breaking upon a Cornish coast—"Ah, that is the sea." But with a great sea painter, one thinks at once: "That sea is special to him," to the artist, it may be Van de Velde. And later, if you are on the seashore and the lighting of the seascape is in such a manner, you think: "the sea is Van de Velde." This ruthlessness of a great artist who takes what he did not make and makes of it something that only he can make, is absent from many of our academy canvases.

Of the conversation pieces, Mr. Robey might say that he was not able to follow the conversation. The nudes are very lean and hungry looking; haughty, refined, they are the sum of their separate parts and without sensuality. They sometimes have a highly polished shrimp surface. There is a young girl who has this idiosyncracy, she is resting upon a small bath towel upon a green bank, she looks rather absurd, you know. Some of the nudes, even the quite young ones, have an odd look about the eyes, haughty and vulgar. "You need not think that because I took my clothes off I am not as good as you." There is this undertoning the slant of their eyes. It is depressing, and when the body itself is so sentimentalised as to be not sensual at all (these unfleshed ladies especially of the symbolic pieces) it becomes quite horrible.

In the Academy, this pretended home of traditional painting, our comparisons may be traditional, we have no special quarrel that Matisse, Picasso, Dali, are not here; but how disappointed we may feel that among the fine soldiers on the wall there is no hint of Goya's Wellington, among the grey landscapes no thought for Corot, and among the genre pictures no rhinoceros watched by Venetian ladies. *Des fesses et des tétons?* Among the nudes there is absolutely no sense of this, therefore no sense at all.

But if the ladies and gentlemen of the private view were confronted with a work of art that was a great work of art and in this way a special creation, would they not be very creaturely sad, and creaturely hostile, too? No, I do not think they would notice it; or they would notice it; it would not matter; it might as well not be there, and also it might as well be there. If they noticed it and were hostile, that would be an unfocused instinctive hostility, because of the privilege and power of that canvas—"it isn't fair"—but they would lose this hostility in restlessness, hurry on, there is so much to see, an excusing restlessness.

For clean, happy fun there are: horrible ladies, passim; horrible little girl looking at horrible squirrel; horrible short-horn up to no good with horrible lady; silly lady on silly plank (by silly artist?) above silly tank; flying moment, monarchical, nastily stayed, for multiple reproduction; lots of nasty gentlemen. God rest 'em all.

STEVIE SMITH

THE PLAY OF THE MOMENT

The Insect Play has been revived once more and this time at The Playhouse on a stage which permits the actors to make their effects. On the stage of the Little Theatre they were cramped. As one hundredth of the play-going public know, the Capek brothers' play is one of the most remarkable satires on humanity yet written for the stage; and satire is particularly wholesome at the present moment. It is needed. Unless those who feel that support this revival it will peter out. This is a time when most people want to *shut their eyes*. They do not want to see what is happening. Nevertheless, those who cling to their last shred of honour ought to go to *The Insect Play*.

This sounds like prig's advice. We normally and most properly go to the theatre to enjoy ourselves. And you will enjoy yourself if you go to the Playhouse production, though not as much as you may perceive you possibly might. But after the first act you undoubtedly will. You will not, of

course, be cheered (*Candide* is not cheerful reading); still a feeling of mental health is exhilarating, and it is a glow which lasts a good deal longer than muff's comfort.

The writings of Fabre are no doubt disconcerting reading; the morals of the insect world are regrettable. The spectacle of instinct aping human intelligence so closely reminds us how "instinctive" after all human beings are, though they look before and after and sigh for what is not. One of the lessons of the Great War was that it is safer to count upon instinctive than rational behaviour in men, and politicians have taken full advantage of the discovery since. The object of the "Leaders" in Europe is to make human beings even more mechanical than they are, in order to create a civilisation neat, smooth and stable. The principle of growth makes for confusion and instability; it must, therefore, be checked, and they are determined to check it.

Mr. Edmund Willard, who played the part of the tramp so well in Nigel Playfair's production, acts at the Playhouse again with his former racy, moving vigour, and several of the original cast repeat their admirable impersonations of insects. This translation, however, does not strike me as being as effective; I miss the verse, rough as it was, in the tramp's commentary.

In the first act we watch the flitter-flutter courtship of human butterflies. I feel sure the production misses here the intention of the dramatists. Their object was not to stress the charm, but the boring instinctiveness of the butterflies' matings. In this act, instead of being human beings pretending to be insects, and pretty ones too, the actors ought rather to give the impression of pretty insects behaving like human beings. We ought to be reminded more of cocktail and "necking" parties than of fields and flowers. It is the quivering excitement of the human butterflies as they gather round a bar, or sniff the delicious high smell of the Tramp, which gives them a kick in the pursuit of each other that should be to the fore. It does not matter in their love-lives which butterfly mates with which; pursuer and pursued are equally uninteresting. We should feel no regret when the butterflies perish in an utterly matter-of-fact *liebestod*. The Tramp is disgusted by the triviality of their lives. (Was his part clipped at this point?), and he is consequently inclined to regard with more sympathy at first the behaviour of "serious" insects which he watches next. There is one butterfly without antennae (the love-poet) among them, in whom instinct has been transmuted. As Bernard Shaw would say, "the Life-Force passes him by"; he perishes unmated. Now this production takes "Felix" and his poetry sentimentally. We are expected to admire the spectacle of a poet in the throes of inspiration, a figure which even if acted by a Robert Helpman must be unimpressive on the stage. "Felix" also should be played as a figure in satire. His grace would then contribute a spice to his futility, while if it is served up as the dish it becomes inevitably mawkish. No; Act I was not good. Patience, the rest is admirable.

Among the creepers and crawlers Mr. and Mrs. Beetle are admirable grotesques, rolling and patting their ball of dirt: "Our capital—that's what it is—our lovely capital—careful, careful. Smell it, old woman—pinch it—feel the weight of it." Mr. Bromley-Davenport, who also contributes to the play in two other parts, and Miss Mary Hallatt, are perfect beetles. While Mr. Beetle is away looking for a safe hole in which to hide the precious ball, a robber Beetle comes and trundles it off. Then, we see a more adventurous type in whom the acquisitive instinct is also uppermost, Mr. Ichneumon Fly, the assassin with a dagger. He is a worker in his way, too. He expounds his views to the Tramp. "Up early, home late, but as long as you're doing it for someone worth doing it for, what does it matter? Am I right?" (He is a devoted father, nourishing on the tit-bits of corpses an extremely unpleasing little *larva* of a daughter—and how languidly disgusting Miss Sheila Kay succeeds in being!) "It cheers you up when you do your duty like that. When you feel that, you feel you are not living in vain. . . . Brains, expert knowledge, enterprise, imagination, initiative. . . ." We see his victims, too, little Mr. and Mrs. Cricket, who chirp away their lives in roseate, harmless domesticity. But the Brothers Capek hold the balance true. They do not spare the triviality of the Crickets' mutual endearments, or the little tinkle of their egotistic merriment over the fate of the cricket whose house they inherit, snapped up, fortunately for them, by a bird. Yet like the Tramp, we, too, feel a pang of pity when the helpless creatures are stilettoed by the bounding, active Ichneumon (acted with athletic gesticulatory gusto by Mr. Wilfred Fletcher), and we are not sorry when Parasite, a ragged idle rascal, whose motto is "Down with larders, storing is robbing," emerges from the ill-omened home, bulging with the swallowed *larva*. "Gah! Bleedin' Bolshie," is the Tramp's comment on the Parasite. He adds, to quote the old translation:

> These 'ere insec's never dream
> Of workin' to some general scheme.

And next time he dreams his head is on an ant-heap.

Now we see a "selfless" community. The spectacle is far from cheering. The satire of state-and-army civilisation hits hard. (I remember it hurt the public when the war was fresh in their memories.) But to-day no satire could be more salutary (or delightful) than the spectacle presented by ant-heap civilisation in *The Insect Play*. It is timely when the voice of authority is asking us to admire it. We see the brandishing shadows of vast machinery; we hear the voice of the blind time-keeper counting, "One, two, three, four"—beating the measure to which the slaves of the community live. The master of Time will rule the world. Faster, faster! Through the mouths of the Engineer-dictators the philosophy of the ant-heap is bawled at us in the staccato of heroes. "Work, War, Work, War." An inventor-ant staggers across the stage carrying in his glowing head the conception of the most destructive machine ever tried. Nothing serves mankind like Science! "State and science, state and science—listen to

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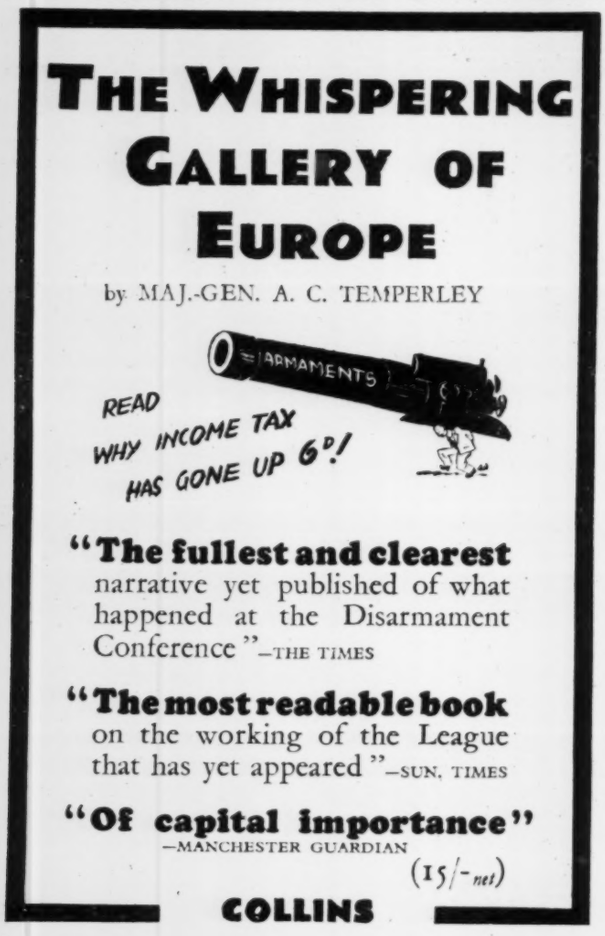
the beat of the Blind Time-keeper! Now's *our* chance! We must have that bit of land between the trees—we, or the yellow ants. The Yellows are intolerably arrogant: War is forced upon us. To arms! To arms!" It was at that moment I missed most the Tramp's commentary (he is an ex-soldier) in the verse of the old translation. Why did not Miss Nancy Price use it? The prose comment does not ring out as the rhymes did.

> It does yer good to see 'em pass,
> Prepared to shed their blood—
> And jest for 'alf a yard o' mud.
> Between two blades of grass.
>
> It makes yer think o' them ole scenes,
> With star-shells over 'ead,
> The night we left a thousan' dead,
> And keptured two latrines.

Din and confusion intensify. The Engineer-Dictator-Emperor shouts commands; news good and bad (the latter dismissed as "according to plan") deafen our ears. Victory! The dictator kneels to thank the God of Ants and appoints him an honorary colonel. Victory? No it's defeat! Mobilise the nation! "Fight, fight on," roar the leaders. "Kill them all, women and children." It is too late. The Leader of the Yellows is victorious. He, too, then kneels to thank the most righteous Ant-God: "Thou knowest we fought only for righteousness, for justice, for our honour and commercial interests." But this is too much for the Tramp; he squashes him, crying "Bah! Yer insect." My criticism of Mr. Willard at that moment is that he should *yell* those words.

All through the play at the side of the stage has stood a little Chrysalis and we have heard her dreaming voice from time to time. All will be well, she sighs, when *she* is born. At the beginning of the last act the day-moths are dancing over a pool. She is one of them and joins them with a cry of ecstasy. For a few minutes she, too, dances with them, singing of the joy of life; then, with them, she lies down to die. It is morning. The Tramp wakes shivering in the dusk of dawn, and the wood is full of voices: "I am wounded, water, water"; "Aha! Got him!" (That must be the Ichneumon still at work.) "My pile, my pile," (the wail of the bereaved dung-beetles); "Iris, Iris, I love you," (the butterflies are chasing each other). And it is now the Tramp's turn to die. But he has glimpsed a meaning. What is the upshot of the play? This did not come over distinctly. This is the moral: Man lives in the world with creatures painfully like him in their instincts and behaviour. But by comparison of himself with them he *can* discover what is unique in himself, what is human, and these comparisons he "lives by." The content of *The Insect Play* is so valuable at the present moment that though *Coriolanus* is soliciting my attention as a critic, I have put this revival before it, interesting and important as the Old Vic performance is. That I shall deal with next week.

DESMOND MACCARTHY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COLLINS

"DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE" AT COVENT GARDEN

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM has at last achieved his goal. One may say, briefly, that the production of *Die Zauberflöte* on the opening night of the opera season at Covent Garden equals and in some respects surpasses last year's Salzburg and Glyndebourne productions. For once we had none of the ramshackle scenery and costumes which used to be one of the chief characteristics of opera at Covent Garden—especially of its rare productions of Mozart's operas. Then we had an excellent all-round cast instead of a brace of dubious "stars" failing to shine amid an indifferent rabble. Lastly, Sir Thomas Beecham and his orchestra played superbly with an unfailing sensitiveness, vitality and spontaneous artistry. One could wish that *Die Zauberflöte* were to be performed for three nights a week during the remainder of the season, for then this excellent company could settle down and achieve an ensemble worthy of Mozart, of Sir Thomas Beecham and themselves, giving the musical public full opportunity to appreciate this great work in an adequate representation.

The scenery used in the present production has, I understand, been lent from Berlin and is a copy of the original scenery designed by Karl Schinkel for the Berlin production of *Die Zauberflöte* in 1816. Those who have visited the Mozart Museum in Salzburg will know that the house contains reproductions in miniature of a great number of the different settings of Mozart's operas in famous European opera houses during the nineteenth century. Many of these settings have one or two good scenes, but perhaps none is altogether satisfactory. Schinkel's setting is one of the best and indeed within his style he is always good and sometimes excellent. Scene I, for example, which is always difficult owing to the killing of the serpent, which looks ridiculous if it is allowed to lie like a harmless garden snake across the middle of the stage, enables it to be neatly disposed of. Scene II, the Realm of the Queen of the Night, is simple but magnificent and, as on this occasion, we were gratified with a fine Queen of the Night in Erna Berger, who sang accurately in tune with vigour and point, the music did not fail of its due effect. Schinkel gave his setting an Egyptian character and his work is architectural and conventional but admirable of its kind and in excellent taste. Failing a convincing and completely imaginative setting, I think this is the best that can be done and within his limits Schinkel can be really impressive, as in Scene 6 of Act II, "Before the Portals of Terror," and in the final scene which has a touch of real splendour.

Those who were unaware that Richard Tauber was an accomplished operatic artist before he descended to less exacting and more popular activities were probably astonished to hear such a good performance from him as Tamino. Most tenors are as stiff as sticks or effeminate and indecisive or walking vibratos; but Tauber looks well, acts with a composed and engaging vigour, has a fine voice and is a superb singer.

Occasionally he "whitens" his voice in a rather sweetly sentimental way and here it is that one suspects that much singing of popular music has not been good for his style. But he can act and sing with dignity and he keeps his proper place in the ensembles. On the whole, I consider him one of the best Taminos I have heard. As Pamina, Tiana Lemnitz began by being rather unsteady, but it must have been merely nervousness, for as she proceeded she became better and better, until in the second act she sang that wonderful aria, "Ach, ich fühl's es ist verschwunden," so magnificently, with such delicacy and yet breadth of expression and complete artistic control, that at its conclusion there was a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm such as I have seldom heard at Covent Garden. Sir Thomas Beecham has the reputation of being hard on singers. Of course, he has had, no doubt, to suffer a lot from indifferent singers, and there are singers (and famous singers !) in the world who must often make one wonder whether singing has any right to be considered a musical art at all. On this occasion, however, he did all that a conductor should, and the collaboration between soloist and orchestra was most satisfying. The Papageno of Gerhard Hüsch had many good points ; he has a nice voice and a pleasing appearance, although rather too tall for an ideal Papageno. He does not exaggerate and burlesque the part, but on the other hand he has not got the requisitive fantasy for the part. It is not generally realised that Papageno is an exceedingly difficult part to fill adequately. He is not a gross buffoon nor a mere idiot, but an almost idealised representation of the average man blessed with that touch of mother wit which Shakespeare's fools have. The Papagena of Irma Beilke had not the quite special charm of Irene Eisinger, who is the best Papagena I have ever heard. The very important parts of the three ladies of the Queen of the Night and of the three boys were satisfactory, although I thought the voices of the "boys" blended better than those of the other trio. The Monostatos of Heinrich Tessmer could not have been better.

It remains to speak of the Sprecher, Herbert Janssen, and the Sarastro of Wilhelm Strienz, a newcomer to Covent Garden. Herbert Janssen is a tried and experienced artist, but there is something stiff and inexpressive in his art which sometimes robs it of its due effect. As the Sprecher his singing did not carry or fully tell. It sounded almost as if he were self-conscious when he was singing instead of throwing his mind objectively forward into what he was doing. Wilhelm Strienz has a remarkable bass voice, absolutely clear and distinct, never muffled or hollow, but it is also rather hard in tone at times. He was an impressive rather than an inspiring Sarastro, but he sang well.

Sir Thomas Beecham and his orchestra were as good as one could wish for. There was nothing strained or exaggerated in his readings. The *tempi* were just, the music flowed, but it flowed with point and vigour and showed a constantly alert and fastidious attention to detail. One must warmly congratulate Sir Thomas Beecham on this production of *Die Zauberflöte*, which is notoriously one of the most difficult if not actually the most difficult, as it is one of the supreme works in the operatic repertory.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Merchant of Venice," at the Queen's

The Merchant of Venice has come to be very ill thought of. Too many star-actors have turned the pork-hating Shylock into ham, too many leading ladies, perceiving at last that they could no longer play Juliet or Viola, have hoped that the barrister's gown would mask their embonpoint. But John Gielgud and Glen Byam Shaw have now given us a production that shows the play for what it is—a masterpiece. The cast has been brilliantly selected : almost every individual performance is delightful, and the company as a whole plays beautifully together. It is true that not even the charm and skill of Mr. Leon Quartermaine can make Antonio interesting, and Mr. Frederick Lloyd is too merely ridiculous a Moor. But we never expect to see Shylock, Portia, Bassanio, Lorenzo, Nerissa, Gratiano, Arragon or the Gobbos better played than they are in this production. Mr. Gielgud is riveting as the Jew : indeed, at a time when Jews are being driven to mass-suicide by unsurpassed brutalities, the spectacle of his baiting becomes almost unbearable. Yet Mr. Gielgud has been most careful not to sentimentalise the part. Shylock is a villain, but Shakespeare being Shakespeare, he chose to suggest that even villains are human and can suffer, that hate breeds hate, and cruelty, cruelty. Mr. Gielgud succeeds in combining convincingly the squalor of a Transylvanian usurer with the ardour of an Old Testament prophet. He has been mysteriously accused of under-playing : we thought his only fault a tendency to over-act in his scene with Tubal. Never have his remarkable gifts been shown to greater advantage, and when he is on the stage you can feel the whole house motionless under the painful weight of his realism. In the trial scene he obliged us to suspend disbelief in the impossible story, and when he stropped his knife upon his shoe, we were appalled, not by fear for Antonio, but by the sight of hatred turned to madness. His appearance throughout was extraordinary—gummy, blinking eyes, that suggested some nasty creature of the dark, and loquacious hands with as many inflections as his voice. "But stop my house's ears," "I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor," "I am not well"—the intensity with which he delivered such phrases lingers in the memory. Miss Peggy Ashcroft's Portia was equally remarkable—perhaps more so, for the part is more difficult. She looked flower-like, and was all light and mischief. In the trial scene she turned into a brisk, solemn boy such as one imagines the first Portia. (The first thing to remember about Shakespeare's heroines is that they were parts specially shaped for boys.) Now that we have seen a proper Portia, gleaming with adolescent fun and tenderness, it is to be hoped that callipygian matrons will abjure the role. The Bassanio, Mr. Richard Ainley, has a romantic presence, a most beautiful voice and rare sensitiveness of feeling ; Miss Angela Baddeley made a grand comic of Nerissa ; Mr. George Howe doubled the Doge and Arragon—his accent in the latter part seemed more Muscovite than Spanish, but it was a rich performance. Mr. Alec Guiness makes an ideal Lorenzo, and rose to the height of "In such a night as this"—and this brings us to the one serious blot upon the production, Motley's scenery. Some of the costumes were very

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elegant, and we certainly do not want a realistic Rialto with solid steps and imported gondolas. A set is essential that reduces pauses between the scenes to a minimum. But surely there could be some suggestion of the contrast between the narrow alleys of Venice and the spacious parterres of Belmont. Here there was no faint hint of Renaissance Italy—we were in the Swedish Pavilion at an International Exhibition. And in the last act, where the poetry calls for a garden with a moon throwing dark shadows, as in the finale of *Figaro*, the lighting and architecture seemed intended for a mannequin-show at the British Industries Fair. Fortunately the excellence of the actors triumphed over even this handicap, and we left the theatre profoundly grateful for a production in which the poetic beauty, lightheartedness and artificiality of the play had been no less skilfully handled than its streak of painful realism.

Philip Connard, at the Beaux Arts Gallery
Edward Wadsworth, at Tooth's
Vera Cuningham, at the Storran

Here are exhibitions by three painters that will attract those that like painting as opposed to those that like the Royal Academy. The surprising thing is that one of the three is an R.A.: Mr. Connard, a sensitive and educated painter, must now feel painfully isolated at Burlington House. He has obviously studied French painting of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. His drawing of the human form is apt to be rather uncertain, but the Wilson-Steerish Thames landscapes in this exhibition are very charming. Mr. Wadsworth makes elaborately arranged compositions of maritime objects, which are decorative but rather arid, and seem more apt to dignify the offices of a steamship line than to enlighten a private house. In these paintings the romantic quality of harbours with their rusting buoys and disused tackle is deliberately avoided. Mr. Wadsworth's vision is slightly surrealistic, but cold to the point of puritanism: rectitude rather than any sensuous pleasure is the frame of mind that seems to be expressed. But the skilled craftsmanship he displays situates this painter well above the average. With Miss Cuningham we enter a very genial climate. Her *gouaches* are individual and most felicitous in colour—sultry arrangements of deep blue and purple and crimson and rich yellow-brown. They evidently have been painted with intense enjoyment, and not, like so many pictures, because the painter felt it a duty to find something to paint. This pleasure is communicated to the spectator, who responds to the glow and warmth and dash. Two of the best pictures are "paraphrases" of Tintoretto and Rubens. Altogether a particularly enjoyable exhibition; and upstairs there are stunning works by Picasso and Matisse, to say nothing of *virtuoso* paintings by Derain.

"J'Accuse," at the Curzon

This film is based on Hans Chlumberg's play *Miracle at Verdun* which was seen in London some ten years ago: from it both the present film and a silent version have been made under the direction of Abel Gance. It is a sincere and harrowing protest against the horrors of war, hardly to be judged in terms of art. The associations of Gueules Cassées and Mutilés de la Guerre have lent their ruined bodies to reinforce the argument, and even in the version shown in England the result is sufficiently grim to deserve the censor's "horrific" licence. The story is of a soldier (played with a wild, splendid power by Victor Francen), driven to the verge of insanity by the memory of his comrades slaughtered on a useless patrol on the eve of the Armistice, who devotes the years of peace to frantic efforts to avert the horror of another war. In his exalted state he at last becomes convinced that there is only one way, to summon the dead of the world war to arise and march upon their living betrayers. It is a magnificent idea, but it should be treated as poetic fantasy; though we shall never doubt the ardour and humanity which have inspired M. Gance, we must regret that they have led him to turn the final scenes into an overlong D. W. Griffith's crescendo, culminating in the unconvincing burning of the hero by an incensed mob, and including such artificial devices as the photography of the dead soldiers' faces in distorting mirrors. One misses the poetry of the play: the curious Donne-like conception, for instance, of the half-awakened soldiers talking to each other from their poppy-covered graves. Nevertheless *J'Accuse* is not a film to miss; the war episodes are done with all the brilliant detail we expect from French actors and directors; the little scene in which the men receive the news that they have been chosen for the fatal patrol is in particular unforgettably moving. And in spite of certain excesses and one's feeling that hysteria is not the best answer to hysteria, the latter part of the film has a flaming anger and passion which are very rare on the screen. It would be greatly improved by judicious cutting.

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THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, May 6th—
"Bury the Dead," Unity Theatre, Goldington Street, N.W.1.

SATURDAY, May 7th—
National Council for Civil Liberties Week-end Conference, Old Jordans Hostel, Beaconsfield. Subject: "Liberty of Conscience and Cultural Freedom."

SUNDAY, May 8th—
Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan on "Rational Religious Sentiment," Conway Hall, 11.
Spanish Evening in aid of Spain's children. Speakers: Prof. J. B. S. Haldane, Ted Willis, Raymond Gauntlett. Spanish play, songs, etc. Victoria Halls, Bloomsbury, 7.30. Admission 6*d*.
E. M. Forster on "The Ivory Tower," Group Theatre Rooms, 9 Gt. Newport Street, 8.30.

MONDAY, May 9th—
S. Rubin on "Should We Fight for Democracy?" 39 Doughty Street, 8.30.

TUESDAY, May 10th—
Canon Stuart Morris on "The Work Before the P.P.U.," Friends House, 1.20.
National Conference of Labour Women, Town Hall, Leamington. Till May 12th.
"The Quaker Way of Peace"; Public Meeting, Friends House, 8.15.
Gala Performance of Vic-Wells Ballet in aid of Lilian Baylis Memorial, Sadler's Wells, 8.30.

WEDNESDAY, May 11th—
Matinee in aid of Toynbee Hall School of Music and Drama, New Cambridge Theatre, 2.30. Tickets 5*s*. to 2 *gns*.
"People of Our Class."
Debate: "Disarmament *v*. Collective Security"; Speakers: C. E. M. Joad and Geoffrey le M. Mander. Chairman: Miss Rose Macaulay. Kensington Town Hall, 8.15.

THURSDAY, May 12th—
Prof. R. H. Tawney on "Education and Social Policy," Bedford College, 5.15.
"Happy Returns," Adelphi
"Engadine Express," Coliseum.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I HAVE been reading two books alternately, with the result that memories of Victorian and Edwardian Wiltshire are intertwined in my mind with the magical ceremonies and sexual habits of an odd people who live in the shadow of Kinchinjunga. There is nothing in common between *Without Knowing Mr. Walkley*, by Edith Olivier (Faber, 12*s.* 6*d.*), and *Living With Lepchas*, by John Morris (Heinemann, 15*s.*); it is the contrast which is illuminating, and enables one to see each set of people in perspective. Miss Olivier's title means that she would have liked to become an actress, and, as such, would have come under the notice of the celebrated dramatic critic of the *Times*. Miss Olivier would, I am confident, have been a very great actress, but of course it was "unthinkable" that she should become one. It is hardly credible that she should have nursed even in secret an ambition which would have so shocked and revolted her father, the Rector of Wilton. Acting is very strong in the family: her brother Alfred defied his father, went on the stage and was never wholly forgiven. No doubt these histrionic talents were inherited, and, combined with burning sincerity, helped to make the Rev. Dacres Olivier so impressive a clergyman:

> It would be unfair both to him and to the theatrical profession to suggest that the stage was my father's only taboo where his children were concerned. He saw little of them when they were small, but when they grew up he liked them always about him . . . though he sat alone in the study, he liked us within call. He hated anyone in the house going out to parties The coming and going worried him. He was truly conservative. As the family party had been yesterday, so he wished it to be to-morrow, and so *ad infinitum*. He could not, therefore, approve of any proposed career for his daughters, and this objection extended to matrimony. . . . He had an instinctive, subconscious prejudice in favour of Archbishops of Good Family as husbands for them, and by ill-chance, none of these presented themselves.

When Edith's elder sister fell in love with a blameless naval officer the attachment could not be referred to before her father. After four years of opposition, she married her man. His other two daughters remained unmarried.

* * *

Towards the end of the reign of Queen Victoria, the little town of Wilton (a necessary appendage of Wilton House) appeared to stand still. Changes were occurring with increasing acceleration on all sides, but the inhabitants of Wilton preferred to ignore them, and when forcibly reminded of change by the election of a Liberal candidate for S. Wilts they very nearly tore him to pieces. Miss Olivier describes the ritual of the unchanging life of the little town, which was the background of the even more petrified ritual of the home. She and her sisters were taught to curtsey to their parents when they entered the dining-room: each day was marked out by the ceremony and routine of morning and evening prayers, for which the servants filed in in strict order of precedence. But no single passage so sums up the lives of these girls as the description of "doing the roses." The Rev. Dacres Olivier had given up hunting, shooting, and almost all forms of recreation in order to devote all his time to his duties. Gardening, however, was *work*, and so he indulged himself by growing roses. Every evening plates and bowls of water were put out on the hall table, and before the sun was up two or three hundred roses had been cut and brought in. He liked them to be exhibited as florist's specimens in separate fingerbowls, and their arrangement occupied his daughters for hours.

> They were very characteristic of Wilton Rectory, those long summer mornings doing the flowers in the hall, when little puffs of wind came in through the open garden door, and we heard in the study the voices of my parents, he "in a fuss" about something, and she trying to calm him.

At intervals he would come out of his study, visit the roses for a few moments, staring at them, and then retire. He commanded austerity among all the members of his family, and enforced his opinions and his rule of life upon them all. None of his daughters were ever allowed to be absent from home on any of the church festivals, whatever delightful invitation might have to be refused. Family life was dictated in all its details by an intensely egotistic and violently jealous male, whose own character developed unchecked and assumed something of the beauty and grandeur of a great tree standing apart, but stifling the undergrowth. When the war came, he was too old to go as a chaplain to the front, and Miss Olivier suddenly found herself engaged in organising the employment of women on the land in Wiltshire. The world seems to her to have changed completely. But I think she exaggerates the changes. It is not motor cars and aeroplanes and week-end parties which really alter human lives, though of course they help. Miss Olivier has become a distinguished writer: she is the centre of a delightful social world of talented and original people . . . and her father is dead. That is what has changed the world for her. But there are still hundreds of girls more than half-enslaved by their fathers' tyranny and love, though this is less true among the "migrants" to whom Miss Olivier devotes a chapter and among whom she has very many friends.

* * *

Major Morris, who is a distinguished explorer and ethnologist, who took part in the first Everest expedition and who has knocked about the Himalayas a great deal, persuaded the Maharajah of Sikkim to allow him and Geoffrey Gorer to live among the Lepchas in a convenient monastery full of rats and fleas. They learned the Lepcha language, gained the confidence of many and attended as many parties and gatherings as they could. The Lepchas are a Mongolian-looking people, whose charm lies in their perfect amiability and good nature. They are primitive Socialists, co-operating in their work and sharing the proceeds, and in general doing as little as possible. In spite of certain drawbacks to the Lepchas, Major Morris and Mr. Gorer became very much attached to them. They have almost no intellectual interests or diversions, and their pleasures and conversation are practically confined to the subjects of drink and sex. But their most remarkable quality is an absolute freedom from sexual jealousy. The mere notion of two men quarrelling over a woman, when it was insidiously suggested by their visitors, struck them as fantastically absurd, and though Major Morris does not specifically state it, jealousy between women over a man seems likewise unknown. Major Morris believes that this absence of jealousy implies that "falling in love" is also unknown among them, and states that there are no records of love matches. He does record that a man will commonly travel many miles and burgle a house to be with one particular girl, when there are others available, much nearer at hand. This seems to me a rudimentary test of "being in love," which does not appear to me *necessarily* to involve jealousy or possessiveness. Major Morris seems to think that jealousy has died out among them as incompatible with their sexual code. Unlike the Tibetans they are not polyandrous, but it is customary for a man to sleep, occasionally, with his elder brothers' wives, and with their sisters, and with his father's younger brothers' wives and their sisters. There is also a great deal of rather casual sexual relationship, and no stigma attaches to illegitimacy. Incest is looked upon with horror, and homosexuality with disgust—both being practically unknown. They like their children to be what in England we should call "milksops," and encourage them in what we should regard as immorality. Their religion is a degenerate Buddhism, and is chiefly directed to propitiating devils and gods, the most powerful of whom is Kinchinjunga, while their religious ceremonies are regarded chiefly as opportunities for holding large parties at which all get drunk, on *chi* made from fermented millet. Drunkenness is universal, and is perhaps partly the reason why they are decreasing, as they are an apparently healthy people. From Wilton to the Talung valley is a long stretch: many people feel that if they abandon the austerity of the one, they will topple into the habits of the other. I don't see why.

DAVID GARNETT

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AND NATION
The Week-end Review
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SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1938

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MACMILLAN

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ADDRESS TO DEATH

It is not you I fear, but the humiliations
You mercifully use to deaden grief—
The downward graph of natural joys,
Imagination's slump, the blunted ear.

I hate this cold and politic self-defence
Of hardening arteries and nerves
Grown dull with time-serving. I see that the heart lives
By self-betrayal, by circumspection is killed.

That boy, whose glance makes heaven open and edges
Each dawning pain with gold, must learn to disbelieve:
The wildfire lust of the eyes will gutter down
To age's dim recalcitrance.

Have we not seen how quick this young girl's thoughts,
Wayward and burning as a charm of goldfinches
Alarmed from thistle-tops, turn into
Spite or a cupboard love or clipped routine?

Nearing the watershed and the difficult passes,
Man wraps up closer against the chill
In his familiar habits; and at the top
Pauses, seeing your kingdom like a net beneath him spread.

Some climbed to this momentous peak of the world
And facing the horizon—that notorious pure woman
Who lures to cheat the last embrace—
Hurled themselves down upon an easier doom.

One the rare air made dizzy renounced
Earth, and the avalanche took him at his word:
One wooed perfection—he's bedded deep in the glacier, perfect
And null, the prince and image of despair.

The best, neither hoarding nor squandering
The radiant flesh and the receptive
Spirit, stepped on together in the rhythm of comrades who
Have found a route on earth's true reckoning based.

They have not known the false humility,
The shamming-dead of the sense beneath your hunter's hand;
But life's green standards they've advanced
To the limit of your salt unyielding zone.

C. DAY LEWIS

THE INSURANCE SALESMAN

ARSHAG GOROBAKIAN was a small man who earned his living as a salesman for the New York Life Insurance Company. He worked exclusively among his own people, the Armenians. In twenty years, he often told a new client, I have sold three hundred policies, and so far two hundred of my clients have died. He did not utter this remark with sorrow and it was not intended to be a commentary on the sadness of life. On the contrary, Gorobakian's smile indicated that what he meant by two hundred of them dying was simply that these were men who had cheated death of its awful victory, and at the same time made a monkey out of the New York Life Insurance Company. All shrewd men, he often told a new client. Men like yourself, in all things practical and brilliant. They said to themselves, Yes, we shall die, there is no way out of that, let us face the facts.

Here, the insurance salesman would bring the printed charts and statistics out of his inside coat pocket and say, Here are the facts. You are forty-seven years of age, and by the grace of God in good health. According to the facts you will be dead in five years.

He would smile gently, sharing with the new client the thrill of dying in five years and earning thereby an enormous sum of money. In five years, he would say, you will have paid my company three hundred and eighty-seven dollars, and on dying you will have earned twenty thousand dollars, or a net profit of nineteen thousand six hundred and thirteen dollars.

That, he would say, is a fair profit on any investment. I do not pay it out of my own pocket. Let the company in New York worry about that. They are in business to make money. We, in turn, enjoy making money also. They gamble with us and we with them, and when we win I am pleased. It is nothing out of my pocket.

Once, however, he talked to a peasant in Kingsburg who didn't believe he would be dead in five years and thought it would be foolish to take out a policy immediately and begin making payments, when in his bones he knew he would be alive twenty years more at least.

Come back in seventeen or eighteen years, the peasant said.

But you are sixty-seven years old now, the insurance salesman said.

I know, the peasant said. But I shall not be swindled in an affair like this. I shall be alive twenty years from now. I have planted three hundred new olive trees and I know I shall not be dead until they are full grown. Not to mention the mulberry trees, and the pomegranate trees, and the walnut and almond trees.

No, the peasant said, the time is not ripe for a bargain of this sort. I know I shall be alive twenty years from now. I have heard I am sixty-seven years old. That may be true, but true or untrue is no matter to me. I can feel it in my bones. Shall I say something?

Yes, the insurance salesman said.

I shall live *thirty* years longer, not twenty. You will admit I should be cheated in a deal of this sort.

The insurance salesman was small, courteous, quiet-spoken, and never agressive.

I can see, he said, that you are a man of giant strength——

Giant strength? the peasant roared. Shall I say something?

The insurance salesman nodded.

What you say is the truth, he said. I am a man of giant strength. What death? Why should I die? For what reason, countryman? Die? Why die? I am in no hurry. Money? Yes. Money. It is good. But I am not going to die.

The insurance salesman smoked his cigar calmly, although inwardly he was in a state of great agitation, like a routed cavalry officer trying desperately to round up his men and organise another offensive.

Death to you? he said to the peasant. God forbid. In

all my life I have never wished another man's death. Life is what we enjoy. The taste of the water melon in the summer is the thing we cherish.

May I say something? the peasant interrupted.

Again the insurance salesman nodded.

What you say is true, he said. The thing we cherish is the taste of the water melon in the summertime. And bread and cheese and grapes in the cool of evening, under the trees. Please go on.

I do not wish any man's departure from this warm scene of life, the insurance salesman said. We must face the facts, however.

He shook the documents in his hand.

Our world is a crazy world, he said. You are a strong man. You enjoy the taste of the water melon. You are walking in the city. An automobile strikes you and where are you? You are dead.

The peasant frowned.

Ah, yes, he said. The automobile.

In that event, the insurance salesman said. In the event that you are killed accidentally, which God forbid, you will be rewarded doubly.

The confounded automobiles, the peasant said. I shall be very careful in the streets.

We are all careful, the insurance salesman said, but what good does it do us? More people are killed every year in automobile accidents, than in one year of a great war.

May I say something? the peasant said.

Say it, the insurance salesman said.

I have half a mind to be protected, the peasant said. I have half a mind to take out an insurance policy.

That is a wise plan, the insurance salesman said.

The peasant purchased a policy and began making payments, but two years later he called the insurance salesman to his house and reprimanded him severely, although politely, complaining that although he had spent several hundred dollars, he had not so much as come anywhere near being killed, which he considered very odd.

I do not want the policy any longer, he said.

The insurance salesman told the ironic story of another man who gave up his policy after two years, and three weeks later was gored to death by an angry bull, but the peasant was not impressed with the story.

May I say something? he said. There is no bull in the world strong enough to gore me. I would break its neck. No thank you, I do not want to be insured. I have made up my mind not to die, even for a profit. I have had a hundred chances of walking in front of an automobile, but always I have stepped back cautiously and allowed it to go on its way.

That was fourteen years ago, and the peasant, a man named Hakimian, is still alive.

The insurance salesman, however, preferred people more enlightened and educated than peasants. He himself was a graduate of college. His preference was for men with whom he could talk for hours about other things, and then little by little move in with the insurance speech. He would often drive two hundred miles to San Francisco to carry on a conversation with a dentist who had graduated from college.

In the spring of 1934 he decided to drive his Buick across the country to Boston. It was a journey of ten days. Along the way there would be much to see, and in Boston he would visit his sister and her husband and their eleven children. He drove to Boston, visited his sister and her family, and met a rug merchant who was a college graduate. Three times in ten days he called at this man's home and carried on pleasant conversations about interesting topics. The man's name was Haroutunian and he was extremely fond of conversation. The insurance salesman found him brilliant on all subjects, but when the subject of life insurance was introduced he discovered that his friend was, bluntly, in no mood for it. At least, not for the time being.

The time came for the insurance salesman to return to California. Before departing he was paid a visit by the rug merchant, Haroutunian, who was carrying a small potted plant.

My friend, the rug merchant said, I have a brother in Bakersfield which is near where you live. I have not seen him in twenty years. Will you do me a favour?

Of course, the insurance salesman said.

Carry this plant to my brother with my greetings, the rug merchant said.

Gladly, the insurance salesman said. What plant is this?

I do not know, the rug merchant said, but the leaf has a wonderful odour. Smell it.

The insurance salesman smelled the plant and was disappointed in the smell of the leaf.

It is truly a heavenly smell, he said.

The rug merchant gave the insurance salesman the name and address of his brother, and then said:

One more thing. The agricultural department in each state demands that a plant being transported be examined for plant insects. There are none on this plant, but the law is the law. You will have to stop a minute at the agricultural department of each state. A formality.

Oh, the insurance salesman said.

His word had been given, however, so he put the plant into his car and made his departure from Boston.

He was a very law-abiding man and the plant caused him quite a little trouble. Very often even after he had found the agricultural department of each state, the inspector was out of town and wouldn't be back for several days.

The result of the whole thing was that the insurance salesman got home in twenty-one days instead of ten. He drove a hundred miles to Bakersfield and found the rug merchant's brother.

The plant was safe and was now growing small red blossoms which gave off an odour which to the insurance salesman was extremely unpleasant.

Three thousand six hundred and seventy-eight miles I have carried this wonderful plant, the insurance salesman said, from

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LW

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A word to our friends among N. S. & N. readers. We have published this Spring: *The Russian Revolution,* by Lenin and Stalin (6/-); *Critique of the Gotha Programme* (2/6); *Engels on 'Capital'* (2/6); Marx and Engels on the *Civil War in America* (12/6); *Trotskyism in the Service of Franco* (6d.) and *Questions and Answers,* J. R. Campbell (6d.)

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the home of your brother in Boston to your home in Bakersfield, Your brother sends greetings.

The rug merchant's brother liked the plant even less than the insurance salesman did.

I do not want the plant, he said.

The insurance salesman was a man who was hardly ever amazed by anything. He accepted the brother's indifference without amazement and took the plant home with him.

He planted the plant in the finest soil in his back-yard, bought fertiliser for it, watered it, and took very good care of it.

It is not the plant, he told a neighbour. It nauseates me, but some day I shall perhaps be going back to Boston to visit my sister and when I see the rug merchant again I know he shall ask about the plant and I shall be pleased to tell him that it is flourishing. I feel that I have as good a chance as any man to sell him an insurance policy some day.

William Saroyan

WORDS AND THINGS

The Tyranny of Words. By Stuart Chase. *Methuen.* 10s. 6d.

Whatever else Mr. Chase may have done, he has certainly written a very hygienic book. Whether you call yourself a Conservative or a Liberal, a Socialist, a Communist, or a Fascist, if you are not "interested in politics," if you are a fundamentalist or a rationalist, a Christian or a material determinist, an economist, a judge, a statesman, a philosopher, or a man in the street, in fact, unless for twenty-four hours out of every day you are an unadulterated mathematician or "scientist," somewhere, some time you will find that Mr. Chase is beginning to make you angry. That shows that he is at least trying to talk sense about realities. If a book which purports to deal with fundamental things in social beliefs and political thought does not somewhere or other flick one on the raw and make the blood begin to rush to the head, one knows that the author's mental plane is a superficies or that he is just one more dealer in dope It is the politically hygienic book which irritates everyone.

Mr. Chase's book is founded upon the new science which is called semantics. The science has sprung from the work of Korzybski in *Science and Sanity* and of Ogden and Richards in *The Meaning of Meaning*. It deals with the relation between our use of words, our thoughts and beliefs, and the real world outside ourselves The analysis of this threefold relationship is explained in a clear and lively way by Mr. Chase and he then attempts to apply it in various fields of human thought and activity, with the most lamentable effects for us all, unless we are mathematicians or scientists. The basic teaching of semantics is that there are two ways in which practically everyone is habitually misusing language We wrongly identify words with things, when the word is merely a label for the thing, e.g., cat; and we misuse abstract terms, e.g., freedom, by wrongly treating it as the label of a thing in the same way as the word "cat" is the label of a thing, whereas there is no such "thing" as freedom existing outside ourselves in the sense in which the "thing" cat exists outside us. The result of this misuse of language is, according to Mr. Chase, devastating. His view is implicit in the title of his book. Our language is not a mirror of things as they exist and the relations existing between them (unless we are speaking the language of science or mathematics); it is the mirror of a non-existent world in our own muddled heads, a world in which words and things are inextricably confused or in which words exist by themselves detached from both things and meaning.

Mr. Chase's analysis of contemporary thought by the semantic method is well worth reading, and his application of the method to the views of educationists, philosophers, politicians, Socialists and Fascists is both amusing and illuminating. He combines combativeness with modesty and he is well aware of the great difficulty of avoiding himself the habits of language and thought which it is his object to destroy. Naturally he does not always avoid them. His method is often much too slap-dash and in practice he seems to underestimate the difficulty of distinguishing "blab" from sense For instance, on page 221 in writing about "Law," he says: "Civilised living is impossible without machinery to settle disputes." I am inclined to agree with this statement, but I cannot distinguish it from many others which Mr. Chase calls blab instead of sense, and I have an uneasy feeling that, if it had occurred in the speech of a politician, Mr. Chase would have translated it into the sentence: "Blab blab is impossible without blab to blab blab."

But there can be no doubt that there is a great deal to be said for the main thesis of the book and that the truth which it contains is of the first importance In the complicated relations of millions of human beings, of individual men and women, to one another, which we call human society, our thoughts and feelings are dominated by words. The fact that we confuse the words with things or use words without meaning gives us a false and fantastic view of the real world and makes communication with other individuals often impossible or dangerous. We become terrified of shadows and fall in love with ghosts; we die for an ideal which in fact is nothing but a word without a meaning and we blow someone else into small bits with high explosives for some crime which is in fact only another word without a meaning; we hate X and hundreds of other X's and destroy their and our own happiness and make the world a wilderness in which even the grasshopper becomes a burden because these abominable people believe in a meaningless sentence and disbelieve a meaningless sentence in which we believe; we kill, torture, or imprison Y, not because he is Y, but because we identify him with a meaningless word like Fascist, Communist, or Jew.

Anyone who has ever meditated upon history and the history of the human race must again and again have been troubled by the spectacle of what seems to be the incredible sadistic inanity of human beings. It is clear that politically and socially they could quite easily make the world a decent, happy place. Individually the men and women whom one meets in one's own country and everywhere else from Russia and Germany to India and Japan are, with a few exceptions, sane and kindly people, prepared to live and let live, interested in the common things of life Yet these same people are prepared to-day and have been prepared for the last 5,000 years to make life on earth a hell for themselves and everyone else, to die in torments and to slay other people in torments, for things which have never existed and could never exist, which, even if they did exist, would have no meaning or relevance for one per million of the inhabitants of the world. The social and political history of human beings is a horrible story.

General Knowledge Paper

(*For answers see page 784*)

I

1. What was the burglar-autobiography which caused such a sensation in the autumn of 1936?
2. Who was the author?
3. (a) Has he a new book coming out? (b) If so, give title, price and date.
4. (a) Is it a novel? (b) Is it good? (c) Will you like it?
5. Where is the scene laid?

II

6. What was the wonderful flying book, published in 1936, which BERNARD SHAW reviewed with a full page in ***The New Statesman***, saying "This is a book which everybody should read"?
7. Who was the author?
8. (a) Has he a new book coming out? (b) If so, give title, price and date.
9. What is it about?
10. Is it the best book on its subject yet written?
11. Is it an ideal book for readers who want to escape from their humdrum, everyday life, and visit the warmth and beauty and glamour of the Pacific?
12. Who is the lucky publisher of these two authors?

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But it is terrifying to find that all the major beliefs, ideals, and objects which have determined that history are meaningless, completely disconnected with real things, and without relevance to the actual life of more than a few dozen living men and women. It is the merit of semantics and of Mr. Chase's book that they offer some explanation of this grotesque behaviour.

LEONARD WOOLF

THE CONQUEST OF POWER

The Conquest of Power. By ALBERT WEISBORD. *Secker and Warburg.* 2 vols. 25*s.*

Goliath: The March of Fascism. By G. A. BORGESE. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

The Conquest of Power is an ambiguous phrase in the mouths of Socialists. It may mean, as democrats have intended it, the suppression of all arbitrary exercise of force, or it may involve the more sinister claim that one class or group or individual should have exclusive control of the state-machinery. Which should be the interpretation of Social Democracy? Readers of the two books on my list should not find it difficult to make up their minds.

Albert Weisbord is a dissident Communist, dissident even from the dissidence of Trotsky. In *The Conquest of Power* he tries to "formulate a political philosophy and a programme of social reconstruction for the Fourth International." "Revolutionary theory," he writes, "is above all a theory of action, acclaiming education through action rather than through abstruse book reading." In spite of this admonition however, he has produced an *opus* of 1,200 large closely printed pages. *The Conquest of Power* is monumental, not only owing to its size, but because it stands funereal over the dead body of pseudo-Marxism, as a philosophy of political action. Mr. Weisbord is even farther removed from action than an Oxford Don. Conscientiously, if somewhat inaccurately, he repeats at encyclopaedic length the Marxist version of European history from the fifteenth century to 1936; conscientiously he exposes the futility, dishonesty and stupidity of every writer and politician except himself, Marx, Lenin and Trotsky. In his observations on political theory he is often acute enough, and if this book was the product of a professor who had to show some result of his academic leisure, it could be excused and left unread by any save his colleagues. But it is not. On the contrary, it pretends to teach the worker (at the cost of 25*s.*) how to break his chains; and it is well worth asking how in the name of wonder this type of pseudo-science ever came to be hailed as an instrument of working-class action.

Let us be fair. Mr. Weisbord is in the true tradition. He still believes in the inevitability of the classless society, the exclusive mission of the industrial worker to accomplish it, and the futility of all democratic forms. Unlike the Stalinites, he has learnt nothing from the experience of Fascism, and so can greet it as a positive advance towards the millennium, thus reminding us of the monstrous policy which Stalin was expounding in 1930. The idiocy of his analysis should not blind us to the fact that it is the "traditional" analysis, and that it is only by modifying the gospel that his orthodox opponents have been able to apply a little common sense in seeking to prevent the conquest of power by Fascism.

For the striking thing about the Marxian theorists is that they entirely neglected the non-economic will to power. Concerned to analyse the play of economic class-forces to predict the revolutionary situation and discourage idealistic attempts to anticipate it, they failed to see that political power is *always*, though in varying degrees, distinct from the domination of a class. The politician who controls the armed forces is, unlike the capitalist, in possession of armed power; and this makes him independent, again in varying degrees, of economic interests. So, too, with the demagogue, or even the religious leader. By degrading the state into the Executive Committee of an economic class Marxism made its followers feel that they only needed class-consciousness to conquer power. The contrary is in fact true. A man may create a party with no common economic interest, and through it may seize and hold power, if he knows how to move the people, has the courage to take risks and can divide the powers that be. Two chapters of Machiavelli will teach you more about conquering power than all Mr. Weisbord's pages on the development of world capitalism.

This, of course, is the supreme lesson of Fascism. Mussolini got political power because he stopped regarding the Weisbords of this world. Both he and Hitler refuted pseudo-science not by argument but by action. Allying themselves with the powers that be, they seized the state and used it not only against the proletariat but against the capitalist too. Personality and idea welded together a party powerful enough to tyrannise any and every class, until in Italy, the economic social and military systems are really at the disposal of a small group of anarchic wills.

How this was accomplished is the theme of Professor Borgese. With only a tithe of Mr. Weisbord's portentous learning (for he is a student of literature, not of social history) he understands Fascism ten times better. Trained to study not statistics but ideas, he can feel the brutal ferocity of human will, and the devilish power of sheer personality to master events. Mr. Weisbord has not space in his two volumes for a single character sketch; the inevitability of capitalism's collapse makes it unnecessary for him to consider the influence of Dante or D'Annunzio which Borgese so brilliantly portrays. They are for him mere froth on the economic wave. As a result, those factors which politics chiefly deal with (i.e. ideas and men) are omitted from his plan for the conquest of power. Professor Borgese rights the balance. For him politics start where Weisbord leaves off. Granted the economic and social background, he argues, there are still choices, and it was non-economic choices made by individuals which produced Italian Fascism. Those choices he holds were deeply influenced by Italian literature and Italy's national psychology. In this setting he portrays Mussolini, the incarnation of the Will to Power, battling with the feeble resistance of "scientific socialism." Granted that his study is one-sided, at least the side which he stresses is the all-important one at the moment. For until we realise that Fascism has a *new* revolutionary Will, and is not a mere by-product of capitalism's decline, we shall never appreciate its menace. Democracy has always denounced the arbitrary use of political power as the devil of human society. Marxism has proved that the devil does not exist. Fascism not only glorifies the devil as God, but, through the personality of the Leader and the organisation of the totalitarian state, has enslaved a nation to it.

Monopoly capitalism in fact, opens two possibilities. (1) Power concentrated into the hands of an irresponsible oligarchy whether they call themselves Democrats or Fascists or Communists and (2) Power distributed so that no one is sovereign; and the conflict

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is not between Fascism and Communism but between Nationalistic Fascism and some form of World Social-Democracy. Because Borgese sees this clearly, he has written a book which is not only brilliant history, but sound political theory as well.

R. H. S. Crossman

BOUQUET

Dublin Old and New. By Stephen Gwynn. *Harrap.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

At the first glance, Dublin nearly always delights the visitor by its grand perspectives and large light squares, its at once airy and mysterious look. Then there is a less happy phase in getting to know the city—when it appears shut-up, faded and meaningless, full of false starts and dead ends, the stone plan of something that never realised itself. The implacable flatness of the houses begins to communicate a sort of apathy to the visitor: after her first smile and her first grand effect, Dublin threatens to offer disappointingly little. This stale phase in the stranger's relations with the city can only be cut short by imagination and vigorous curiosity. Dublin is so much more than purely spectacular; she is impregnated with a past that never evaporates. Even the recent past, the nineteenth century, leaves on some outlying quarters of the city a peculiar time-colour. Every quarter—from where the two cathedrals stand in the maze of side-streets, to the latest ring of growth, where red villas straggle into the fields—has, in fact, got a character you could cut with a knife. The more you know, the more you can savour this.

Unlike London, Paris, Edinburgh, the city, at each side of the river, covers flat land. The earth under it forms no romantic contours, and does not thrust the buildings up into different levels: from no point does one get a momentous view of the city. Her position, between the sea and the mountains, is beautiful, but can only be guessed at from her heart. Dublin's grandness, as a capital city, is anti-romantic; it lies in her plan, and her fine buildings, alone. Her interest lies in her contrasts, in the expression she gives to successive different ideas of living. Dublin does not represent Ireland; she is one aspect of it: she stands, or has stood, for wealth, for the imposition of power, for the generally European element that has made itself felt but never been quite absorbed. Not for nothing is she the capital of a country in which blood runs to the head: life here has been always lived at high pressure; everybody is highly articulate; this has always been a city of "characters," in which nothing gets done impersonally. Emotional memory, here, has so much power that the past and the present seem to be lived simultaneously. In Dublin, as in the rest of Ireland, if you do not know the past you only know the half of anyone's mind.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn's *Dublin Old and New* supplies that background which the stranger will need. This is not a guide book, and not a history—though it resumes those parts of the past always most present in the Dubliner's mind. There is information, but no bare information: what we learn is made palatable and given colour by Mr. Gwynn's smiling, humane, unhurried style. To the Dublin-born person, this book rings true and is evocative; at the same time, Mr. Gwynn has known how to detach, from the web of Dublin's character, facts which will strike the stranger's imagination. He has, chiefly, traced the social growth of the city; he relates its human history in the course of a tour through the streets themselves, picking out here a statue, here a tablet, here a building or corner dark with associations. He also gives, in words, such a vivid plan that the appended map is almost unnecessary.

Mr. Gwynn is at his best with portraits; he has also a great command of anecdote. His eighteenth-century Dublin has been knowingly touched in, but, wisely, he has given most of his space to the nineteenth century, assembling a good deal of unwritten history, filling in a delightful tract between gossip and fact. He has taken aspects of Dublin of which he is most fully qualified to write. *Dublin Old and New* should endow the stranger with a sense of the city's continuous, vivid and far from placid life: the residential quarters, the university buildings will no longer present an obdurate mystery. The best of Mr. Gwynn's chapters have the spontaneity of talk, and follow the same compelling, zigzag line. A good deal of the traditional gloom of Dublin (which literature, lately, has reinforced) is relieved by his stories of pleasant and witty lives. After the Union, Dublin declined from her aristocratic showiness: a good many families left and found their focus in London. But judges, divines, the great doctors, the Trinity College figures continued to enjoy, and to add to, the city's urbanity: there was less wildness, but there was wit, good living and dignity. In Ireland, the nineteenth century showed the best of its mellowness, without the industrial element. It had more grace here, though life was often tragic, never fully secure.

Mr. Gwynn, in his chapter on the museums and galleries, touches with this restraint on the unhappy subject of the Lane bequest. Here, and elsewhere, something more natural and more attractive than tact guides him through the complex history of a city in which almost every subject is controversial. The great quality of *Dublin Old and New* is its companionableness: it should be carried round with the guide book but not read in the street—its style is too retrospective and leisurely—read, rather, in the intervals of sight-seeing, or, best of all, in bed in the hotel. It should feed a taste for Dublin—and, also, bring to the notice those quiet and atmospheric quarters (along the canal, for instance) that the tourist often misses. It is a key, too, to those complex and busy streets in which, swept along, one may overlook much. He superimposes the dense past on the present in a way that will not trouble the mind's eye. This is more than an invitation to visit Dublin, or a plea to remain there; it is a book to revive the native interest, and manna for the nostalgic Dubliner.

Elizabeth Bowen

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Marriage: Past and Present. By Margaret Cole. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mrs. Cole imagines her readers opening this volume with a pained sigh—"*Another* book on marriage? *Why* another book on marriage?" I'm afraid they may even repeat the question on shutting it. It is, however, a thoroughly sensible little book—at moments rather trite, and suggestive of the Woman's Page, but that is the fault of the subject. And certainly our theory of marriage is in confusion; and perhaps a large number of sensible little books will produce a new theory.

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system, but only one of a number of systems all of which have 'worked.'" Very true, but on the other hand there is no burden so grievous as unlimited choice; despair may be rather fostered than relieved by a profusion of models and annihilation of the "done thing." Luckily we are not, any of us, really open-minded, and Mrs. Cole herself makes very little use of this freedom. She says hard things about "Christian marriage"; nevertheless the brand she prefers, and thinks most likely to hold its own, is simply Christian marriage diluted. In her view, we tend increasingly to marry for companionship. And "it is clear, I think, that most modern men and women who are 'happily' married, and who have been married for any considerable time, derive at any rate part of their satisfaction in marriage from the deep feeling . . . that here is something which will not fundamentally change or suddenly go away. This deep feeling can remain even when the most obvious surface emotion is a desire that the other partner should go away immediately and as far as possible." Surely that is just the point of marrying "for better or worse"; lifelong marriage is the creation, by an act of the will, of something that can most easily be described as a blood tie. One's near relatives may be very provoking and ill-conducted, but it is not usual, or even psychologically possible, to drop them on that account—they have got into one's system, and have a claim which acts automatically. And so with marriage: we are choosing, not merely a "partner," as they say, but a next-of-kin, and it is of the essence to accept him or her once and for all as part of our system Of course, an irremovable sentiment cannot actually spring up at a moment's notice: its presumption in the marriage vow is an act of faith—believe, assume that it exists, and in time, between normally affectionate people, it will exist. It needs the figment of everlastingness to take root in.

If that is so, obviously there can be no such thing as a "trial marriage," while the divorce-as-you-please theory leads inevitably to the question, Why marry at all? Yet there ought of course to be some method of adjusting hard cases. Mrs. Cole, though in her heart of hearts, as I say, she has an affection for "Christian marriage," would provide for them liberally. Her ideas are all very sensible. She would have disputes heard privately, and if possible reconciled, in a court such as already exists for the working classes. She would allow divorce by consent, unless where there are young children. "Companionate marriage," she observes, it is no use thinking of; we had better concentrate on lifting the stigma from pre-marital affairs (which I wish she would not call "experiment"). And so on.

All this, even with the aid of some rather trite though sound advice to the married, would not fill a volume, but Mrs. Cole supplements lavishly with the Woman Question. Much of the historical detail is irrelevant: the conclusion is, that most women are still financially dependent; that it ought not to be so; and that it would be a good thing for every married woman to have a job of her own—though such a scheme can only be practicable where, as in Russia, there are jobs enough to go round. She will not allow that "home-keeping," on whatever scale, is a career in itself, "unless perhaps for a little when the children are quite young. (If there are no children, it is ludicrous even to suggest it.)" But though not a full-time job, housework is the dreariest of inflictions—"ill-regulated, nervously exhausting, and thoroughly unsatisfactory." Can't we do something about it? "Is there any reason why we should not employ skilled outside labour to clean the house, mend the clothes, and even to cook the dinner? If a van comes to collect the dirty linen is there any reason why a van should not come to collect the dirty plates? If a man can call to tune the piano, cannot a woman call to darn the stockings?" Such a system would economise effort, and would, besides, prevent an infinity of psychological wear and tear; life would no longer be made a burden by the horrid necessity of "speaking to Doris." Between a mistress and a single maid living in, a degree of nervous strain is almost inevitable—and often, the more conscientious the mistress, the greater the strain; but "no one, save the exceptionally sensitive, suffers from nerve-storms with the window-cleaner." This is surely a delightful plan—the only objection being that it would inflict yet more leisure upon thousands of women who have already too much (in Mrs. Cole's opinion) for their own happiness.

K. John

Answers to General Knowledge Paper

(See Page 778)

I

1. "LOW COMPANY."
2. MARK BENNEY.
3. (a) Yes! (b) "THE SCAPEGOAT DANCES," 7/6, May 16th.
4. (a) Yes! (b) Very! (c) Enormously!
5. The Soho Underworld.

II

6. "SAGITTARIUS RISING."
7. CECIL LEWIS.
8. (a) Yes! (b) "THE TRUMPET IS MINE," 8/6, May 16th.
9. The South Seas and in particular Tahiti. 'A travel book with a difference.'
10. Yes!
11. And how!

N.B. Any competitor answering all or none of the questions correctly is entitled to buy both books at his bookseller's.

12. PETER DAVIES.

PSYCHOLOGY AND PROPAGANDA

The Psychology of Reaction. By R. Osborn. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Of all the sciences psycho-analysis is most liable to be held to ransom by the intelligent lay public. No sooner were some preliminary discoveries made concerning the unconscious mental development of children than parents from many quarters demanded of analysts a code of rules regulating infant upbringing. A satisfactory response failing, they did not hesitate to apply home-made codes based on such information as they could themselves glean. Science may never record what their luckless offspring thought of this manoeuvre. But history may very well have reason to record the consequences of a similar manoeuvre on the part of political propagandists Considering the opposition psycho-analysis has had to face, it may seem rather churlish to doubt the genuineness of psychological conversion amongst politicians of whatever colour. And it is certainly remarkable when a supporter of the extreme Left takes his followers to task for their neglect of unconscious psychology. The Left has gambled so heavily on economic causes of human unhappiness that only the direst necessity would seem to justify dalliance with psychological motivations. As the author of this political tract makes clear, such a dire necessity has arisen. The expansion of Fascist systems is, in his view, an indication that Fascists (whether they know it or not) are more efficient applied psychologists than Socialists.

Now this may very well be true. It might indeed justify the publication of a book entitled—"Hints to Socialists by a Socialist." It does not justify the publication of propagandist literature under the title—*The Psychology of Reaction.* There is no sign throughout the book that its author is prepared to accept scientific disciplines. The term "reaction" is never defined: instead it is indicated that reaction is the prime characteristic of Fascist regimes, which are in their turn manifestations of a decrepit capitalism at bay. Similarly, the author's Psychology is extremely tendentious. The unorientated reader might well imagine that he had been given a representative selection of psycho-analytic views; whereas all the author gives is a rather garbled account only of such views, some of them already a little old-fashioned, as appear suitable sticks to beat dogs with. It is perfectly true that he considers at length what unconscious weaknesses might induce proletarians to accept or swallow Fascist ideology. But

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the omissions from this account are extremely significant. A more complete presentation would have shown that unconscious motivations operate in all humans of whatever persuasion, and consequently that the problem of "reaction" or of the acceptance of "reactionary" ideas is as acute a personal problem for the convinced Socialist as for the convinced Fascist.

Needless to say, the author is aware of this dilemma and endeavours to extricate himself from it. He grants the existence of Red "terrors" (including presumably political executions, liquidation of classes, concentration camps, secret police, economic oppression, abolition of freedom of speech, etc., etc.), but he suggests that these are somehow "clean" terrors, at the most unfortunate (but logical) necessities of the pursuit of class warfare. And he backs up this engaging proposition with a piece of special psychological pleading. True, he says, unconscious motivations (of a presumably unfortunate or reprehensible sort) are extremely powerful, but they merely foster tendencies to conduct in the people—("people," in this connection, mean of course potentially good Socialists). The final factor motivating behaviour is economic. If frustrations rising from economic organisation did not oppress the people, the old infantile unconscious hates, etc., would not be activated, and the persons concerned would not be so likely to respond to Fascist wiles. Moreover (just in case unconscious factors do precipitate immediate behaviour) if countries were organised on a Socialist basis, there would be ample legitimate outlet (sublimation) for unconscious aggressive tendencies. These arguments are not only double-edged—what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander—but show conclusively that the author is prepared to quote psychological scripture when it suits his own purpose. The processes of sublimation are unconscious processes. Consciousness is not in any way consulted. And it is notorious that, however temptingly vocational experts may bait the pedagogic trap, there is no guarantee that the unconscious will accept any substitute activities proferred. Moreover, it is an essential part of the psycho-analytic theory of neuroses that "precipitating" factors will not, of themselves, give rise to pathological reactions. Obvious precipitating factors are often mere excuses siezed upon by the unconscious drive to illness. Indeed, in the absence of suitable precipitating causes, the unconscious will itself manufacture them, a state of affairs frequently paralleled in the sociological field: compare the alleged precipitating causes of outbreaks of war.

In short, it can scarcely be said that the author performs any service to sociology by his application to a carefully limited political field of a carefully limited number of psycho-analytical observations. However enthusiastic his advocacy, the approach is radically unsound. It is bad science, and, although this of course is his own affair, it doesn't appear to be particularly good politics. He is at pains to emphasise the obscurantist effect of illusion formation in other people, and there seems no reason to suppose that he will advance the objectivity of his own party by encouraging its members to have illusions about themselves. Indeed, his implication of the essential goodness dwelling in collectivist minds is more religious than smug. Psychology would be sadly hampered if its primary function were to serve as handmaiden to any political system. That certain continental writers of scientific text-books should end their prefaces with the invocation "Heil Hitler" is a curious enough habit: it would be no less atavistic to have to end them with a "Heil Marx."

Books of this sort are, no doubt, a sign of the times. It would appear that obscurantism of one kind or another is having more than its fair share in the conduct of public affairs. And, naturally, it is no good looking for common-sense explanations of this phenomenon. The lore of man's irrationality increases daily. Hence the temptation to apply this new knowledge, whether it fits the facts or not. Yet the truth is that we know just enough about the origin of man's social irrationality to make it imperative to know more. Social science bristles with unsolved problems waiting the attention of trained research workers. It would be really useful to know why political extremists have so much in common. We may well suspect that they share the same instincts, and that however much their mental mechanisms and their ultimate ideologies may differ, these instincts succeed in obtaining a good deal of common representation. This is a healthy and sobering suspicion but it is scarcely calculated to incite the politician to further searching of heart. Again, it would be useful to establish some correlation between the illusions with which the individual unconsciously seeks to temper the asperities of his own life and those social illusions which give rise to the more uncivilised forms of obscurantism. The solution of these two problems alone might free enough mental energy to give a fresh impetus to civilisation. But it is difficult to pursue researches on the battlefield. The subject matter of the research may at any moment become a war-cry. There is, of course, no objection to the propagandist exploiting psychology to improve his salesmanship. But if he wishes to secure the status of a scientific worker, he must be ready to accept research disciplines, the first of which is surely to eliminate as far as is humanly possible the error due to preconceived ideas.

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> answered ryght gentely agayne,
> Saying alway that a nowne substantyve
> Might stand wythout helpe of an adjectyve.

One does not always agree with Mr. Weston; we all have our own furious fancies about language, and I do not like his use of *complacency* for *complaisance*, his condoning of *photo* and *phone*, his almost condoning "a good book, and which will please you," by classing it with the entirely correct "and one which"; or his approval of a secretary who altered her employer's "I propose to visit" to "I purpose to visit" (who would ever say "I purpose" in a letter? and, after all, propose in this sense has several centuries of educated use behind it). Nor do I agree with the odd notion, in which he follows Mr. Fowler, that anyone mispronounces from affectation or sounds silent letters to show that he can spell. It cannot be affectation that makes people say *h*our, often, med-i-cine, Mond*a*y, and extra-ordinary, thereby incurring the scorn of the genteel; it is, surely, "ignorance, madam, pure ignorance."

His counsels are, no doubt, in the main sound enough. But I wish he had spread his net wider and flung it higher, to catch larger and prouder game. With Cabinet Ministers, bishops, diplomats, historians, leader-writers, novelists, poets, publishers, reviewers, essayists, writing as they do, with such horrid thunder rolling on Left and Right and in the Middle, there is small time to waste on the instruction of the humble illiterate. We are under a bombardment of disagreeable words, many of them imperfectly digested from some foreign tongue of the old or the new world. "If," wrote Johnson in the *Rambler*, "an academy should be established for the cultivation of our style . . . let them, instead of compiling grammars and dictionaries, endeavour with all their influence to stop the license of translators, whose idleness and ignorance, if it be suffered to proceed, will reduce us to babble a dialect of France"—or of America, or Russia, or Germany. When even our best newspapers cannot obtain the services of translators who can put the speeches of foreign

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dictators into passable English, when a retired ambassador of literary reputation can trip over the meaning of "protagonist," when we are continually tantalised by symposia without drinks, stunned by cavalcades without horses, cozened by alibis without places, when we turn out as if from a factory a monotonous crowd of uneasy synthetic *isms* (we now have *wordism*, and, for all I know, *thoughtism* and *deedism*) and of *ologies* that imply no study (before long geology will mean the earth, biology life, zoology a set of animals, entomology a flight of insects, as already a man's psychology means his psyche, and a nation's ideology its ideas) when beings otherwise intelligent can maintain, as I lately heard them do, that a γραφὴ about a πόρνη, a graph about a porne, a writing about a prostitute, is not necessarily pornography (if it is not, what is? It may be an admirable graph, about an excellent porne, but pornography it must, one would think, be) when the secretary finds himself or herself thus bombarded with shocking errors from the boss, she should be forearmed with manuals more level with the times than this. With intelligent firmness she should correct her employer's solecisms, and if, with the disgusting vanity of authors, he puts them back again, the last word is, after all, with her who puts the letter in the envelope and sends the proofs to the printer. To no less a task than the defence of the English language these ladies and gentlemen are called; God help them, and may they derive all the further help from this book and others that they can. Rose Macaulay

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Mr. Walsh's book is no exception to the inane rule of such books. *He* can see no good in Elizabeth; or rather his picture of her—and she naturally comes a good deal into a book on Philip II—is a caricature which ruins all the English side of his biography. It is merely funny when we are introduced to Elizabeth in a "spangled fotheringay," when he evidently means a farthingale, and not the castle in which Mary Stuart met her end. He believes in Anne Boleyn's sixth finger, almost one feels as in a kind of inverted relic; that Edward VI was poisoned, which is untrue. Not unexpectedly there is rubbish about the Seymour episode in her life, and "the strong sexual craving which was to torment her all her life." We are told that it was Philip who placed her on the English throne, whereas it was the will of the English people, if such a thing may be discerned. The Russells are regarded as of Jewish descent; but the Jews and Freemasons are a joint bogy that peep out and leer at us behind every corner in this enormous fat book.

There is a whole chapter of nonsense on "Freemasonry in the Sixteenth Century," introduced with the charming words: "There hung about the court of Queen Elizabeth something like the odour of Freemasonry," and then everybody is regarded, anachronistically, from this point of view. The Cecil myth, pernicious nonsense for which Mr. Belloc is more responsible than anybody alive, runs riot throughout the book: the view that Elizabeth was just a creature of Cecil who used her for his international purposes. Communism and atheism are blithely linked up with, almost equated with, Protestantism and the Cecils! To such writers as this it is useless to point out the plain historical evidence that Elizabeth was very much mistress of herself and of Cecil too. It would be mere waste of time to point out such known facts as that the Cecils bought their Church lands like practically everybody else, Catholic families included; that William Cecil was not at all indifferent in matters of religion, but rather boringly Protestant. And so on.

What is worth protesting against is that Catholics allow themselves to be so fooled by these professional writers in the Belloc tradition who are engaged in rewriting the sixteenth century in the very teeth of the evidence and of common sense. But perhaps this is what Mr. Walsh means by the "truth" which Mary Walsh (McMahon) Healey taught him to love.

It is fair to say that the portrait of Philip which he presents is not unsympathetic. But then Philip was not an unsympathetic figure; the fact that stupid Protestants have made him out to be a sort of ogre is no reason for Mr. Walsh's polemicising about it. Historians know very well what sort of man Philip was. He was not brilliant, but he was not unintelligent; he had great reserve, but he was not without affection; he was a man of taste and culture and refinement, not vulgar and ostentatious as Elizabeth was. But she had political genius, which he had not; and she baffled him, outwitted him and in the end beat him. Elizabeth needs no Catholic patronage, poor soul, she had no religion, and so on. She ascended to a sort of heaven of her own in her lifetime, which she evidently very much enjoyed.

One must not expect any historical judgment in a book like this as to the larger issues of Philip's policy and career. Everything in the Spanish garden was beautiful; "here there was no stench of heresy"; it was "too bad" that the French had no Inquisition. No conception of the blight that dragooned orthodoxy laid upon Spain's intellectual life, the almost total absence of an intellectual contribution to European civilisation. Whereas France fortunately was divided, there was disagreement, disputation, discussion; the result was that this age was followed, in France, by one of the most brilliant and fertile periods in the history of Europe. No conception either in Mr. Walsh of the fatal mistakes of policy that Philip made: the attempt to crush the Netherlands, the great enterprise against England, the restrictive and unimaginative character of his economic policy, his exhaustion of Spain in the interests of Catholic orthodoxy all over Europe, while Elizabeth carefully husbanded her country's resources.

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"The official biography of the 'man of mystery" remembered by some people as the writer of innumerable spy novels but by others as our most famous unofficial secret service agent, a man who served his country modestly both in public and behind the scenes, frequently at the risk of his life." *Illustrated.* 12s. 6d. net.

Swiss Summer by CHARLES GRAVES

"The most informative up-to-date book on Switzerland we have seen."—*Sunday Dispatch.*
"Mr. Graves does well what he has set out to do and his clients should be well satisfied with what he provides."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

Nicholson and Watson

establish the point that it was the political exigencies of Catherine de Medici which gave the opportunity for it; and the Massacre did achieve its political purpose—the gaining of power for Catherine when it was slipping into the hands of Coligny and the Huguenots—almost as effectively as burning the Reichstag gained power for the Nazis. Indeed, it may be said that Miss England establishes all her main points—for example, that the Massacre was essentially unpremeditated by Catherine, who rather clutched at it desperately as an instrument to hand at the last moment, as against the Protestant view that it was the fulfilment of a promise made long before to Philip II. This is an excellent book, based upon contemporary documents as well as printed books; it is well-written, clear and unbiased, and deserves to become the standard study on the subject. A lot of work too has gone into Mr. Walsh's 800 pages; but one may regard it as more or less wasted.

A. L. Rowse

A GREAT HUMANIST

Confessions of an Economic Heretic. By J. A. Hobson. *Allen and Unwin.* 5s.

"Born and bred," writes Mr. Hobson, "in the middle stratum of the middle class of a middle-sized industrial town of the Midlands, I was favourably situated for a complacent acceptance of the existing social order." This book is the story of an intellectual revolt against the beliefs generally current in that early environment. Those who expect the usual type of autobiography with its anecdotes and conversations, character sketches and intimate details will be disappointed. Mr. Hobson confines himself almost wholly to ideas. The outstanding events of the last half century, the personal friendships of the author with many distinguished and interesting men in different walks of life, even his own activities in the progressive movements of the day appear in these pages only as a kind of skeleton background to the expression of ideas and an account of the forces which influenced them.

But even if one regrets the absence of personal touches—and perhaps Mr. Hobson will give us something of this kind on another occasion—as an essay on the recent development of social and economic thought, the book is extremely interesting and readable. There were two doctrines, both commonly accepted in the Victorian era, to which Mr. Hobson began, comparatively early in life, to take exception. One was *laisser faire* and the economic arguments by which it was defended. The other was the notion that thrift was the rock on which Britain's prosperity was based, the supreme economic virtue which it was the duty of all to pursue. It would be easy to find passages from the academic economists even of this period which indicate that they were by no means uncritical in their attitude to individualism. But it is no doubt true that, in the more popular exposition of the subject, the theory of value was generally used to justify the existing economic system. Mr. Hobson's criticism that in an unequal society at least the measuring rod of money cannot possibly be regarded as an adequate criterion of policy is of course quite unassailable and would not be seriously challenged to-day. His attempts to impose upon economics the burden of formulating more adequate criteria, qualitative in character, has not been so generally supported.

His other "heresy," the criticism of saving, first suggested to him by a business man and later developed as a theory of the trade cycle and the basis of his work on Imperialism, met with a far more obstinate resistance. Only recently has under-consumption become entirely respectable. Incidentally it is interesting to see that Mr. Hobson who, in his earlier works, spoke rather of excessive investment as the cause of depression, restates his views here in a form more closely resembling those of Mr. Keynes.

In the wider sphere of political and sociological thought the most interesting feature of Mr. Hobson's work has been the combination of a semi-Marxist interpretation of history with a cautious liberal reformism in practical politics. The economic basis of imperialism, the connection between imperialism and war, the underlying class struggle in politics, the unreal character of our democratic system—these and similar views are expressed again and again. But at the same time he is critical of "full blooded Socialists," believes in a middle course and argues that nationalisation should be confined to a few national and municipal monopolies.

Poor Knight's Saddle

Illustrated — *by Douglas V. Duff* — 12/6 net

A particularly opportune book on Palestine to-day. The author served for a decade as a guardian of law and order throughout Palestine, and in this frank and fascinating book he tells what intelligent men of all classes think about the scheme to partition their country. This is no conventional travel or political book, but a timely and authoritative narrative, illuminated with the author's brief but striking pictures of the real life of the Holy Land.

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Chosen by the *Daily Mirror* as the "Thriller of the Month," Sefton Kyle's new novel is representative of his best work. Brilliantly characterised, and containing all the elements of mystery and romance, *During His Majesty's Pleasure* will do much to enhance the reputation of the "Master of Suspense."

HERBERT JENKINS

Indeed, in spite of economic heresies, a great part of Mr. Hobson's work has been in the full tide of progressive English thought. He remains above everything a rational humanist. Intellectual integrity, disarming modesty, independence of judgment and a warm humanity distinguish this book as they have distinguished his other writings. In all these ways he resembles that great intellectual saint of the last century—John Stuart Mill.

HUGH GAITSKELL

MEDIEVAL POETRY

The Medieval Latin and Romance Lyric. By F. BRITTAIN. *Cambridge University Press.* 15*s.*

When some of us were young the list of Latin authors recognised in academic circles as suitable for study—and for annotated editions—began with Plautus and ended with Apuleius, these two authors being chiefly used as whipping-boys to be castigated for their divergence from classical usage. Since then a broader view has been taken, and Latin is now no longer regarded as a dead language buried mysteriously sometime in what were once called the Dark Ages. We know now that Tertullian, Augustine and Jerome, both as men and as writers, deserve at least some of the attention that was once given exclusively to Cicero, Livy and Tacitus. We know, too, that the medieval Latin poets, whose lyrics were based on accent, assonance, and rhyme, came nearer to the natural form of the language than did any of the great Augustans. In fact, Latin to-day serves a double purpose: classical Latin, clear in thought and concise in expression, is an invaluable instrument of education; medieval Latin, for long neglected, is a happy hunting ground where seekers are continually finding new treasure.

In recent years the medieval Latin lyric, religious and secular, has been explored by many scholars; in Germany by Wilhelm Meyer, Max Manitius, and Hilka and Schumann; in France by P. de Labriolle; in America by P. S. Allen; and in England by Stephen Gaselee and F. J. E. Raby: and now Mr. Brittain, surveying the subject from a new angle, has produced yet another book of the greatest interest. In the first section of his admirably clear introduction he traces the history of the Latin lyric from the beginning of the fourth century A.D., when Ambrose was writing his hymns for congregational singing, until the end of the thirteenth century, when the sequence reached its final form in the hands of Thomas Aquinas and Jacopone da Todi. This is fairly familiar ground; but in the next five sections Mr. Brittain strikes out a new path, and gives us an outline history of Romance verse from the seventh to the thirteenth century, in Provence, North France, Spain, Portugal and Italy. The seventh section contains a summary of the whole subject and concludes thus: "By the end of the thirteenth century, the Romance languages had produced many very beautiful lyrics. None of them, however, until Dante appeared, had produced a literature which can be called great without fear of its claim to that title being questioned. Liturgical Latin, on the other hand, had done so. In both the Hymn and the Sequence it had risen—not once, not twice, but many times—to the greatest heights of sublimity, majesty, and beauty. Its finest poems will bear comparison with anything in Classical Latin."

The introduction is followed by a two-hundred-page anthology of lyrics, secular and religious, some in Latin, some in the various Romance languages. They are arranged in chronological order, so that it is possible to follow the development of the vernacular literatures side by side with the Latin; a brief notice is appended to each piece. The *Te Deum* of St. Nicetas, composed in the latter half of the fourth century A.D., comes first; the last three poems are a sonnet, a canzone, and a sestina by Dante. Between these we have not only most of the masterpieces of medieval Latin, such as the *Pange, lingua, gloriosi* of Fortunatus, the *O quanta qualia* of Abelard, the *Dies irae* of Thomas of Celano, and the Archpoet's *Confession*, but also copious selections from the troubadours and the trouvères in the vernacular. Jacopone da Todi is represented both by the *Stabat Mater* and by a poem in Italian; and close together we have the *Lauda Sion* of Thomas Aquinas and the *Giammai non mi conforto* of his brother, Rinaldo d'Aquino. It is interesting to notice how close to one another the various Romance languages were in their first stage, so that Raimbaut de Vaqueiras in a poem of five stanzas can use Provençal, Italian, French, Gascon, and Galician Portuguese in turn.

Mr. Brittain may be congratulated on having written a book which is both the fruit of ripe scholarship and also makes delightful reading.

F. A. WRIGHT

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS

SCOTLAND Scottish Administration is reflected in various official publications. Recent issues include the 9th Annual Report of the Department of Health for Scotland (for the year 1937) which records improved standards of health and refers also the to housing problem. 49 statistical appendices. Cmd. 5713. 3*s.* 6*d.* (3*s.* 9*d.*). The administration of Public Education in Scotland is also the subject of an annual report, that for the year 1937 is now ready. Improvement in school buildings, school health services, physical ed ucation, nursery schools and technical and adult education is recorded. Cmd. 5709. 2*s.* (2*s.* 2*d.*). The administration of Public Education in Scotland has been concisely outlined in a new series of educational pamphlets. 4*d.* (5*d.*). Report of the Prisons Department for the year 1937 provides ample statistical material on prison administration. Cmd. 5710. 1*s.* 3*d.* (1*s.* 5*d.*). The care of the mentally deficient is supervised by the General Board of Control for Scotland whose 24th Annual Report indicates the number of people at present admitted to establishments for lunatics and deals with the problems of their care, welfare and cure. Cmd. 5715. 1*s.* 6*d.* (1*s.* 8*d.*). Scottish fisheries during 1937 are described in the Annual Report of the Fishery Board for Scotland—a general survey. Cmd. 5721. 1*s.* 6*d.* (1*s.* 8*d.*). A separate volume contains the statistical tables relating to the sea fisheries giving a comprehensive view of the manpower, equipment and economic results of the year's fishing. Year 1937. 1*s.* (1*s.* 1*d.*).

A MOTORING MANUAL The War Office "Manual on Driving and Maintenance for Mechanical Vehicles" is a comprehensive treatise of over 600 pages on all important points of motor driving. The clear diagrams indicate in detail all working parts and nearly every chapter contains notes on likely defects with hints on proper maintenance. An invaluable handbook for motor car owners and drivers. 5*s.* (5*s.* 6*d.*).

SCHOOL EPIDEMICS Experimental study of disease as a mass phenomenon is of very recent origin and the Medical Research Council's new report, No. 227, on "Epidemics in Schools" breaks new ground. It is the result of over five years' study of the problem. 4*s.* 6*d.* (4*s.* 11*d.*).

FOOD PRICES The Report by the Food Council for the year 1937 surveys the rise in food prices with salient facts and figures about each of the staple articles of diet. The Report contains much of interest to consumers in general as well as to those who make a special study of food prices. 9*d.* (10*d.*)

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT The Report of the Departmental Committee on Corporal Punishment gives a brief account of the history and the law on the subject and proceeds to analyse the effect of corporal punishment. Cmd. 5684. 2*s.* 6*d.* (2*s.* 8*d.*).

All prices are net. Those in brackets include postage.

H.M. STATIONERY OFFICE

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Or through any Bookseller

"Chatter, chatter everywhere and not a stop to think"—

This inspired parody headed Harold Dowling's review in the *Western Mail* of Stuart Chase's book on the Power of Babel, called ***THE TYRANNY OF WORDS.*** "The thesis of Mr. Chase's important and entertaining book," continued Mr. Dowling, "is that most of us do not know what we are talking about . . . one cannot read this most stimulating book without being convinced that the author has not exaggerated the importance of his subject." Sinclair Lewis said: "Already I have heard it denounced by a 'philosopher,' an 'economist,' a 'publicist' and a bookseller as shallow and unfair, so it is certain to have a triumph."

(*Methuen*, 10*s.* 6*d.*)

"An army of mercenaries blindly obeying the lead of a junta of militarists—

and merchant grandees . . . or a gathering of free men who have taken up arms to defend their liberty . . . that is the choice. On the answer depends the whole future of England." So says Lockyer in Jack Lindsay's ***1649: A Novel of a Year***—the year in which England's new-born democracy was waging a blood-feud with Cromwell's military dictatorship. "The sweeping panorama that is unfolded," says Cecil Day Lewis, "stretching from the intrigues and squalor of London to the strange, primitive-communist sect of the Diggers, to the revolt of the miners in Derbyshire, to an abortive rising of the army in the Midlands . . . makes ***1649*** the most absorbing historical novel I have read for many years."

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who wishes to know what manner of being he is, what kind of world he lives in, how far the discoveries of science are to be accepted as final truth . . . can afford to neglect psychical research," writes G. N. M. Tyrrell in his ***SCIENCE AND PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.*** "Psychical Research lies at the meeting-point of three great departments of human thought, Science, Philosophy and Religion." This book not only summarises what has been accomplished by scientific investigation of the subject during the past fifty years, but embraces the entire field of Extra-Sensory Perception.

(*To be published on May* 12) (*Methuen*, 12*s.* 6*d.*)

NEW NOVELS

Scoop. By EVELYN WAUGH. *Chapman and Hall.* 7s. 6d.
Oh, Say, Can You See! By LEWIS BROWNE. *Cape.* 8s. 6d.
High Meadows. By ALISON UTTLEY. *Faber and Faber.* 8s. 6d.
The Single Hound. By MAY SARTON. *Cresset Press.* 7s. 6d.
Women of Affairs. By DAPHNE NICHOL. *Faber and Faber.* 7s. 6d.

Scoop is exceedingly amusing: the sort of book a reviewer gets back to after lunch with no sense of duty, but with the certain expectation of continued pleasure. Just as I like best those pantomimes which stick to the five or six classic stories, so I like Mr. Waugh best when he remains within his own territory, which I take to be the circles radiating outwards—not too far—from the lunch-table of Lady Metroland. *Scoop* opens with a brilliant addition to the Metroland circus, a Cabinet Minister's wife called Mrs. Stitch, a woman of equal beauty and vitality. Her bedroom levée is like a combination, reflected in a modishly distorting mirror, of von Hoffmansthal's Marschallin and Ruth Draper's Italian-learning New Yorker; she simultaneously discusses accounts, signs cheques, dictates over the telephone the costumes for a charity ball, and directs the painting of ruined castles on the ceiling by an elegant young man on a step ladder. Meanwhile her daughter, an eight-year-old prodigy, construes Virgil at the foot of the bed ("*munera*, darling, like tumtiddy; always a short 'a' in neuter plurals"), and the maid reads out the clues of the morning crossword. At lunch with Lady Metroland she recommends a young literary protégé, John Boot, as war correspondent to Lord Copper, the bewildered but flattered proprietor of the *Daily Beast*. The *Beast* runs a fragrant little country corner called "Lush Places," contributed twice a week by a distant relative of Mrs. Stitch's protégé; inevitably muddle sets in, and it is the rural, and not the urban, Mr. Boot who is sent out to report the impending civil war in Ishmaelia.

Ishmaelia is a republic in the North-East of Africa; and, of course, Mr. Waugh does not fail to people it with fantastic, irritating and diverting inhabitants. The whole country is run by the descendants and collaterals of a pious old Alabama dusky named Jackson, who had been appointed first President; thus the army is commanded by General Gollancz Jackson, and the principal hotel in Jacksonburg is owned by Mrs. Earl Russell Jackson. But all the ingenuity of the plot and the variety of the decorations cannot dispel a feeling that the author is here getting a little too tangled up with realism; why, he even allows William Boot (who, both in London and Ishmaelia, is really no more than an Alice in Wonderland) to have a love affair. In Metroland-Copper circles he can keep realism at precisely the distance that suits his talent—namely, at arm's length. On the whole it is a relief to get back to a world where Lord Copper gives a knighthood to the Boot that should have gone, but didn't, and a dinner of welcome to yet another Boot, who comes, like all the rural Boots, from Boot Magna Hall. Boot Magna is an exceedingly dilapidated counterpart of Mr. Wodehouse's Blandings Castle; in Colonel Blount of *Vile Bodies* there were traces of a Wodehouse strain in Mr. Waugh, and how marked it has now become may be observed in the account of Mr. Salter's cross-country walk to and arrival at Boot Magna Hall:

> No sound broke the peace of the evening save, in the elms that stood cumbrously on every side, the crying of the rooks and, not unlike it but nearer at hand, directly it seemed over Mr. Salter's head, a strong baritone decanting irregular snatches of sacred music. "In thy courts no more are needed, sun by day nor moon by night," sang Uncle Theodore blithely, stepping into his evening trousers. "Decanting" might be the Master himself.

Oh, Say, Can You See! is another novel built on the Alice in Wonderland idea, Alice being in this instance a simple young Soviet scientist who arrives at a California marine biological station to do six months' research. At first he is amazed and delighted by the technical efficiency of everything both inside and outside the laboratories, and by the profusion of cheap goods. These opening chapters are very good: especially his contacts with the fellow-lodgers in his cheap boarding-house. Then everything goes wrong: the cheap goods don't work, the director of the marine station is discouraging, the station itself, he discovers, depends on the caprice of a crazy widow, and now that she has met a fascinating swami and become enmeshed in the Higher Thought, Marine Biology is up the spout. The director is a mere careerist, "what we call in this country a man of vision—by which we mean a man who can see that he ought to be better off." The Russian, a very personable young man, has an affair with a rich married woman who thinks Socialism is a silly scheme to divide up all the money in the world, and Fascism a way of making trains run on time; through her he sees something of one of those ghastly, good-time, smart-set bunches who scream "Yoo-hoo" at one another after the first drink. Then he gets into trouble over the abortion laws, and after seeing the inside of a jail, shakes the dust of America from his feet: no doubt feeling, like Alice, "You're all nothing but a pack of cards." That is the only trouble with an excellent novel: the proportion of decent Americans in responsible positions seems artificially low.

High Meadows is a long, rambling story about a girl called Patty Verity, her honest farming family, and the two men who want to marry her; and it all takes place in extreme but unspecified depths of the country—in fact, in Lush Places. The first suitor is called Jem Crossland, a fine, dark, country lad, with muscles in his throat, who can play the fiddle and talk like this: "I saw you run, and your hair was free in the wind like a colt's mane, and I thought to myself—nay, I'd best not tell you what I thought," which doesn't sound much like the country to me. Still, he is the more successful portrait of the two, the other being a frankly incredible townee schoolmaster, who says: "How truly rural," and "I like to observe the peasants, you know. One has no chance in town for a rustic display like this," and refers to Patty as his "fair partner." Of course you know whom to put your money on from the first, and you win. *High Meadows* is recommended by the publishers to those who "like a good, honest, sweet-smelling book"; but it is not so idiotically fragrant as all that. Mrs. Uttley cannot startle us into seeing what she has seen, but she writes with careful precision of an external world which she knows perfectly; and if her characters are little more than pottery they look pretty enough on the oak dresser.

Miss Sarton aims high, and that is always disarming. Her first sentence was so good that it made me read the book. And now that I have read it I am not sure what sort of a novelist she really is. She herself has no doubts and is determined to enrol among the Maries, not the Marthas, of fiction; and the danger of that is that you have to be so good to get away with it. There is no point in an adequate Mary, whereas one is often in the mood for an adequate Martha. She has her models, mostly feminine:

> Think of London. A warm spring day. There are thousands of women going upstairs now, for it is just after lunch; thousands sighing in the first tiredness of spring; thousands stopping on the second landing a moment to say, "The hydrangeas in the garden are dying. They should not be in pots any longer."

Unfortunately she allows her style to sag:

> Mark held his cup on his knee and stirred imaginary tea (for he had long ago drank [*sic*] it down). The spoon tinkled an accompaniment to what his ear was attending.

The story? Three rather self-consciously charming old ladies run a school at Ghent ("run a school!" the phrase sounds far too crude, but it must do); one of them had in her youth written a volume of poems which falls into the hands of a young English poet and deeply impresses him. He goes to Belgium, and in his meeting with the author there is some pathos and beauty; but I cannot grasp the nature of the illumination which the elder poet transmits to the younger, and for me the best part of the book was the love of the young man for a married artist: a quiet little rivulet of an affair almost submerged by a continuous spate of thought-stream on both sides. but with moments of real insight none the less.

It is refreshing to feel oneself back in the 'twenties when people talked about sex instead of Spain, and Freud instead of Fascism. *Women of Affairs*, which consists of alternate entries in the diaries of two sisters who share a flat but little mutual affection, is on the surface a pure 'twenties book, with its veneer of Lawrence and Huxley culture. Fundamentally, however, Miss Nichol's is the less dated world of the advertisement strip cartoon: how to get your man, how to keep the home nice, how to tone your skin up, what happens to those girls who don't:

> James and I attract notice and admiring glances wherever we go. Everyone defers to and likes James, from barmaids . . . . upwards . . . .

It all has the same horrible veracity as the strips, for I firmly believe that England is full of people who don't call on Mrs. Jones because of the state of her landing curtains. Do not, therefore, reject Miss Nichol because she seems concerned with trivial and predatory emotions; she speaks for thousands. But her spelling, like theirs, is a disgrace: caché, rhumba, Neitzche, Rabelasian, Fichtér. She'll come in handy for the next Spelling Bee.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

POPULATION AND PROLEGOMENA

Political Arithmetic: A Symposium of Population Studies. Edited by LANCELOT HOGBEN. *Allen and Unwin.* 30s.

The volume for which Professor Lancelot Hogben revives Sir William Petty's title has three parts and two purposes. One part of the three consists of seven papers by members of the former Department of Social Biology in London, over which Professor Hogben presided, dealing with quantitative aspects of the population problem. Another part consists of three papers of the same origin, dealing with the recruitment of social personnel. The third part, taking first place in the volume, is an introduction contributed by Professor Hogben himself as "Prolegomena to Political Arithmetic."

Of the two purposes, one is the direct advancement of knowledge about a particular problem of human society. The other purpose is to raise once more, formally and fully, the issue of method in Economics and other studies concerned with human society and the relation of these studies to Natural Science. This purpose, explicit in Professor Hogben's "Prolegomena," inspires the whole volume. *Political Arithmetic* is as much an essay on method as a symposium of researches.

The seven papers on quantitative aspects of population continue lines of research which by now are familiar to most students of social affairs. Dr. Kuczynski, Dr. Enid Charles, Mr. D. V. Glass and Miss Pearl Moshinsky embroider the theme of the international decline of human fertility with a mass of new statistical material. Of particular interest are the paper by Dr. Charles on the "Changing Structure of the Family in Australia," showing how the two-child family has become the fashion, and the two papers preceding it, which, by statistical examination of fertility and the extent of its fall in different parts of England, aim at discovery of those social conditions which are particularly favourable or unfavourable to fertility.

The three papers of the second section break newer ground. In the first and most important of them Mr. J. L. Gray and Miss Moshinsky, with an impressive combination of observation and statistics, compare the distributions of ability and opportunity for higher education and for all that such education may lead to. Having applied intelligence tests to a sample of more than ten thousand children in all the main types of English school, they reach two main conclusions: first, that ability is widely distributed—"there is no shortage of gifted children in the community"; second, that about half the children of high ability do not enjoy the opportunity of higher education. Among children of parents able to pay fees for them at school there is a larger percentage of able children than is found in other classes, but not in proportion to their overwhelmingly greater share of opportunities. Other papers in this section analyse the same sample of children in London by regard to their parents' occupation and study the scholarship system of the Universities. By way of postscript, comes a paper by Mr. Allison Davis on the distribution of blood groups and the idea of race, added in Professor Hogben's words: "because the prevalence of racialist dogmas which have no scientific foundation is profoundly affecting the qualitative distribution of population at the present time."

These two parts represent solid contributions to knowledge on issues of incalculable importance. But the point—or the spearhead—of *Political Arithmetic* does not lie in their 500 pages. It is to be found rather in the thirty pages of introduction, in which Professor Hogben carries on his war against the economists, whom he charges with having turned what should be a science into scholastic word-spinning from self-evident general principles. "Prolegomena to Political Arithmetic" is as brilliant with barbed phrases as anything that Professor Hogben has written, and as weighty and serious of purpose as it is brilliant. Some of it is a repetition of what he has said before, in the Conway Memorial Lecture, with the same quotations from Professor Robbins as his target. But the attack is now developed to some extent from two new angles, and thereby gains in force.

First, in going to Sir William Petty for his title, Professor Hogben designedly recalls the time when all the sciences were beginning again together, and when the study of mankind found its place among them. Sir William Petty, statistician and political economist, was of the Council of the Royal Society; now economists are elected, not to the Royal Society, but to the British Academy. Second, in attacking what he calls "the idol of purity" in economics, Professor Hogben emphasises the connection of progress in science with the readiness of scientists to serve practical aims.

> The condition of expanding knowledge is to discover ways and means of getting something done. This was Boyle's way when he declared that the "goods of mankind may be much increased by the naturalists' insight into the trades."
>
> The exaltation of "pure thought" which bears no fruit in action exacts its own penalty in the growing disposition to regard reason and progress as exploded liberal superstitions. The younger generation have found out their teachers. A pitiable predilection for action without thought is the legitimate offspring of thought divorced from action.
>
> We may expect the Social Sciences to enjoy the same prestige as the Natural Sciences when they are as firmly rooted in an accepted and acceptable social objective as the researches financed by the Medical Research Council.

Professor Hogben, saying this, puts forward as his own "social objective" in the present volume, the discovery of how to re-establish for Western countries a "survival minimum" of fertility. The sadly exceptional merit of *Political Arithmetic* among essays on method in the social sciences is that it is an essay illustrated by practical examples.

Of course, Professor Hogben is not wholly fair to the economists. Very few of them in practice devote themselves to pure theory. Many of them, perhaps most of them, are interested less in the study of wealth than (putting the same thing the other way round) in the study of poverty; they could claim the abolition of poverty, in all its various forms, as their accepted and acceptable social objective. Nor again (this is the main gap in Professor Hogben's armour) can understanding of poverty and its causes be gained without a technique radically different from that of any existing natural science. Why are so many children ill-fed? To find a sufficient answer in saying that their parents are too poor to feed them properly is shallow. In all ranks of society, free consumers spend substantial parts of their income on less important things than food, often on positively harmful things. Why do they make this particular use of their scarce resources? What would be involved in restricting the freedom of consumption? Again, to take another issue, of importance second only to the issues of population and of war, why in recurrent periods of trade depression does humanity decide to produce less and therefore to consume less than it was able to produce before and undoubtedly would like to go on consuming? These are questions as to human decisions, but they are not to be answered by anything that can fairly be called psychology, and they are outside the technical range of biologists and engineers. Their answer involves analysis of economic institutions, including, it is to be feared, some of that "preoccupation with the Gold Standard" which Professor Hogben regards as destructive of the power of lucid discourse.

Nor, finally, does it seem right to attribute to "the scholastic tradition of the Universities" of the time, the failure of social studies to grow, as Sir William Petty had hoped, in parallel with the natural sciences. The historical reason, it may be suggested, has been that, while for natural sciences the material for observation was available in the mineral, vegetable and animal world as soon as men began to be interested, the scientific study of human society could not develop until government also had developed so as to make the facts available. To quote what I have written elsewhere: "Until 130 years ago we had no census, no knowledge even of the numbers and growth of the people. Until 15 years ago we had no comprehensive record about unemployment even in this country, while other countries are still where we were a generation or more ago. Social statistics of every kind—about trade, wages, consumption—are everywhere in their infancy." Of the poverty of the material for social science, this volume itself presents excellent illustrations. To answer fundamental questions about the population problem in this country, having no information as to the ages of mothers at birth, we have to borrow statistics from Sweden. For another set of important figures Dr Charles has to go to Australia. As Professor Hogben points out, chemistry in the eighteenth century made progress because it was possible for the common pump to demolish "nineteen centuries of Aristotelian futilities" and to drive the self-evident principles of "phlogiston" into limbo. The social sciences in those days had no common pump, of experiment and observation, to exorcise the "phlogistonist of demography" (so the famous figure of Malthus appears, startingly but not perhaps unjustly). The interesting chapter which Dr. Kuczynski contributes to the symposium, setting out the opinions of the early demographers on fertility, is sufficient proof of the limitations of knowledge

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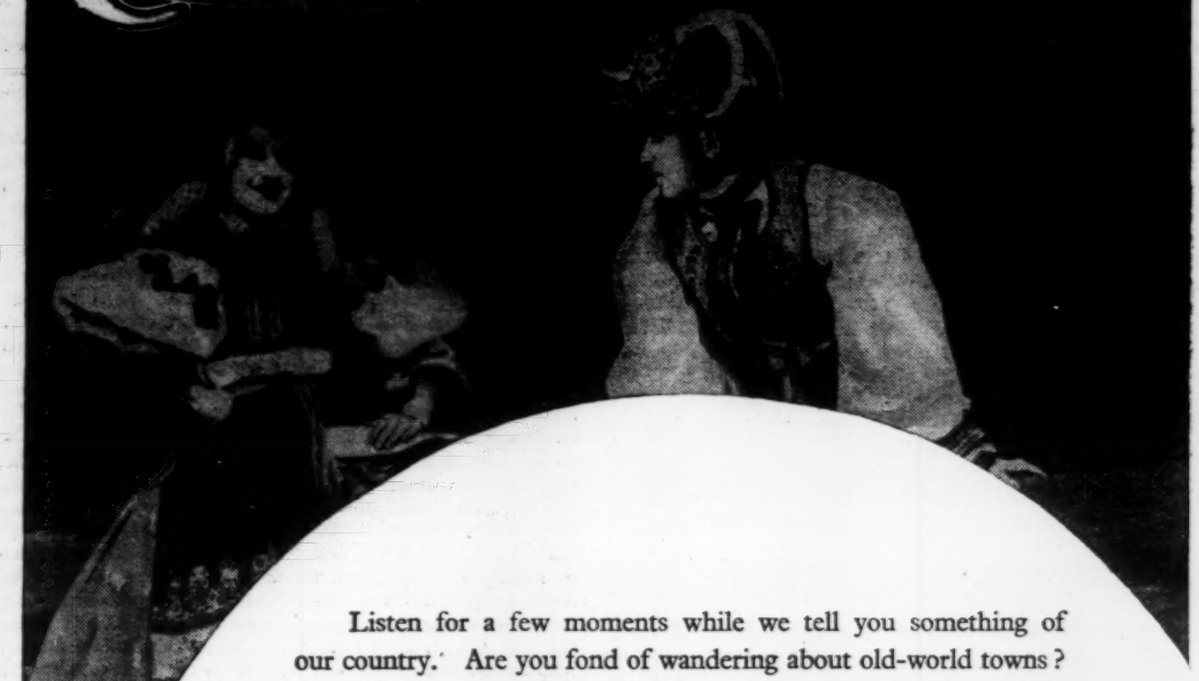

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LAND OF PLEASING DIVERSITY

within which they had to work. It may be added that (in this country at least) modern demographers and social scientists generally have not yet been equipped with the costly means for research that come so easily to their colleagues in the established sciences.

These are, however, points of detail, rather than of the main issue. On the main issue, that the social sciences, if they are sciences at all, must begin from observations and not from general principles and must go back to observations to test their hypotheses, Professor Hogben has a case which is unanswerable. The special service of this volume—and it is a great one—lies in reminding us of the time when the social sciences were not divorced from the natural sciences and in giving an example of how they may be re-united.

W. H. BEVERIDGE

ODYSSEYS

Son of the Mountains. By JULIUS KUGY. *Nelson.* 7s. 6d.
Once a Commissar. By VLADIMIR KOUDREY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.
Airman Lost in Africa. By CAREL BIRKBY. *Muller.* 15s.
Restless Quest. By JEROME WILLIS. *Hurst and Blackett.* 10s. 6d.
A Trooper in the "Tins." By R. A. LLOYD. *Hurst and Blackett.* 12s. 6d.
Confessions of a Thug. By MEADOWS TAYLOR and F. YEATS-BROWN. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 7s. 6d.
Without Make-Up. By URSULA BLOOM. *M. Joseph.* 10s. 6d.

One effect of reading the books on this list has been to increase my surprise that Mr. Harold Nicolson should "wish sometimes that we could recapture the Elizabethan hatred of 'safety first.'" The hatred may not be conspicuous in our foreign policy, but there is plenty of evidence of its existence in individuals. Dare-devils, consumed by it, are not at all rare birds. Since men learned to fly, the scope for dare-devilry has been considerably enlarged. Among the heroes, of whom Dr. Julius Kugy asserts in his biography of his Austrian guide Oitzinger, "the world, nowadays, is unbelievably full," the birdmen have an important place. Their feats still seem to us superhuman. Yet, after reading Dr. Kugy's description of the perils of the mountains, I felt that the feat of climbing them is quite as marvellous and perhaps taxes endurance, courage, and skill more severely. His object in writing the book (very ably translated) was to pay a tribute to the memory of the "gayest, kindest and most enterprising" of his guides in the West Julian Alps. But besides achieving this object and making the reader understand his affection and admiration for Oitzinger, he has brought the wild landscape on the borders of Italy and Carinthia to the eye in a series of vivid word-pictures. Some excellent photographs confirm the impression of the singular fascination of the scene of Dr. Kugy's dangerous ascents with "the son of the mountains."

His book has form, which is more than can be said of Vladimir Koudrey's casually constructed autobiography, *Once a Commissar*. "I walked home, my head a confusing muddle of thoughts" . . . "I was only an ordinary human being who floundered through the revolution like a dazed newt, lucky to be belched out, instead of squashed." Still muddled, still dazed, Mr. Koudrey flounders through his reminiscences. Yet I would not deny that there is a certain charm, a certain value too, in their artlessness. Most accounts of the Russian Revolution by people who were on the spot when it took place have obviously been written in the light of knowledge subsequently acquired. Mr. Koudrey confines himself to a faithful record of his actual experience. "As I walked towards the Troitzky Bridge I heard distant rifle shots. This was the revolution. But there were few in Petrograd who realised it. For myself, I had overlooked it completely." The book is full of similar engaging confessions of ignorance of what was going on. In fact its chief merit is that its author can write of the past as if it were not the past, as if he were still in the medley of confused impressions of which the present consists. His mother's second husband was Krassin, and that great organiser is the subject of one of his best character-sketches.

I am indebted to Mr. John Williamson, the writer of the preface to *Airman Lost in Africa*, for the information that many books about flying "are just 'bull.'" Mr. Williamson was the pilot of the out-of-date aeroplane, "a ridiculous machine," which in the year 1933 left the Cape in search of the Swiss airman, Carl Nauer, who had started for England, via the West Coast of Africa, and was missing. Mr. Carel Birkby, who accompanied Mr. Williamson as observer, has expanded his recollections of the flight into a narrative which Mr. Williamson guarantees is not "bull." "I have never read any book about a flying adventure that was as honest and as true to life." To this tribute, another may be added. Mr. Birkby has told his true story in a way that enables the reader to see what he saw, to experience what he experienced.

Of the many thrilling adventures of an adventurous life recorded in *Restless Quest* none thrilled me more than the final adventure in besieged and shell-torn Madrid. The author of this autobiography, Mr. Jerome Willis, is gifted with remarkable powers of observation, and he knows how to translate what he observes into words. Words, often salted with an ironic humour It is a pungent style:

> A hatless girl with those half-Moorish eyes of some Spanish women, and dressed in a light fawn coat and skirt, came out of the Gran Via café, and crossed the road before me. The sunlight flashed on her slender, silken-clad legs. My eyes followed her: then above the noisy, eternally horn-blowing traffic, I heard a whistling that developed rapidly to a whine. Instinctively I flung myself down on the pavement, and something happened which made my ear-drums nearly burst. When I raised my head, I saw the body of the girl and from the hips downwards it was just shapeless red pulp. The drops of blood gleamed like rubies in the sunshine.

Such sights were common in Madrid in the spring of 1937. Yet Hemingway was still capable of "gusts of titanic laughter," even at breakfast, which seemed to Willis "a bit of an achievement." And little children were capable of skipping in side streets during a bombardment, and would not move until a street guard herded them into shelter.

A Trooper in the "Tins" is the autobiography of a lifeguardsman, one of those splendid creatures we may see any day immobile as equestrian statues, in their wooden box niches in Whitehall. The routine of their lives appears to consist almost entirely in soiling articles of equipment and arms in order to clean them again. To the author of this book, R. A. Lloyd, who served in the ranks of the First Life Guards from 1911 to 1921, the war brought a welcome if dangerous relief from the monotony of this existence. Major Astor remarks in his introduction that "such as may still be anxious to know what those

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who first went to fight felt about the war will gain a notion from these pages truer than from many a more pretentious work." Quite true.

The Confessions of a Thug was first published a hundred years ago. Queen Victoria read it, and did not say "We are not amused," but warmly congratulated Meadows Taylor, the recorder of the confessions of Amir Ali, a professional murderer. This may be one of the reasons for the book having been a Victorian best-seller. Now it has been reissued, edited by Mr. Yeats-Brown with a preface by him, explaining that Thuggee has a ceremonial and religious basis. Also that "if one can overcome a distaste for murder, the sporting part of Thuggee is great fun." There is no arguing about tastes, but my taste is not Queen Victoria's, nor Mr. Yeats-Brown's.

Miss Ursula Bloom's book does not fit into my Odyssey category as nicely as I could wish. If it brings "a blush to the powdered cheek of caution," it will not be because it relates a story of reckless pursuit of dangerous adventures in all parts of the globe. Miss Bloom's wanderings have been chiefly from office to office in Fleet Street. Yet she is reckless in her fashion. Her autobiography is recklessly honest and frank. It lives up to the title, *Without Make-Up*. While I admire Miss Bloom's courage in dispensing with the cosmetics of reticence and discretion, I confess that an autobiography not "made-up" produces some embarrassment in the reader. CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN

AFRICAN PHOTOGRAPHS

African Mirage. By HOYNINGEN-HUENE. *Batsford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The narrative of this book gives a strangely different impression from the illustrations. The story of Mr. Hoyningen-Huene's journey through Equatorial Africa is written with a conscientious exercise of the powers of observation and the historic present tense which make it appear like a progress over some enormous, featureless, glittering, sunbaked plateau. Events on the journey, peculiarities of people encountered, things seen are all reduced to the same monotonous level of sharp observation which gives the book the detached air of a case-book, rather than an account of some experience of which Mr. Hoyningen-Huene is himself at the centre. Here is a description of a native dance:

> The entire countryside is a riot of joy. Apart from the utter abandon and festive spontaneity this spectacle affords, there is a wealth of exotic faces, animated with the ecstasy of mirth and excitement. Eyes rolling, teeth flashing, an incredible variety of fantastic costumes of banana leaves, cloaks, skirts, headdresses, banners, bead and metal jewellery.

The whole book is written in this vein. As narrative it cannot be recommended to a public which enjoys Hemingway's or Auden's and MacNeice's travel books. Nevertheless, it will satisfy the curiosity of those who thirst for informative descriptions of the external appearance of a landscape, a dance, a festivity, or a human being. But here they will find little characterisation, little anecdote, and still less anthropology.

Mr. Hoyningen-Huene has the photographer's eye (resembling a German optical lens) for externals. This makes his writing seem like descriptions of mechanical facsimiles instead of objects themselves. However, when we come to the photographs themselves, a polite interest can give way to the greatest enthusiasm. Above the dull plains of his prose, the photographs stand like mountains, like prehistoric animals, like magnificent specimens of archaic sculpture. From boring miles of scrub, from the obscurity of forests, from the smell and sweat of a crowded market-place, from the fatiguing expanses of bright sunlight, the camera's eye singles out objects of amazing beauty.

One can look at these photographs again and again with renewed interest. Some of them are dramatically effective, in the manner of stills from the best Russian films: of such is the one of native archers in French Equatorial Africa, with bows raised and black faces upturned against a shaded sky. Some are monumental studied poses which suggest the possibilities which the models would offer to a sculptor or a poet. But perhaps the most successful are the straight photographs of landscapes, animals and groups of figures.

The pictures themselves form an extremely interesting social commentary on the photographer's travels. In some of them the natives are dressed in that semi-European costume which means "civilisation" and the loss of everything except the ridiculousness of a performing mimic. Impossible to imagine Rousseau's noble savage togged in bowler hat and white tennis trousers. But turn these pages, and Rousseau's native savage, naked except for a thin necklace of white beads, leaps to the eye. What dignity he has, which is not due to a superb athletic development (he is often thin and undeveloped) but to the flow of a natural grace and unconscious simplicity. The further the camera goes from the centres of "civilisation," the more we are aware if not of a civilisation at least of a life with a compelling force and dignity of its own.

This book is well worth buying for the photographs alone. The reader will find that, perhaps because they do not attempt to achieve art, they have extraordinary features of detail, characterisation and convincing untouched beauty, which are inspiring and suggestive. STEPHEN SPENDER

MAN AND ARTIST

Ferruccio Busoni: Letters to His Wife. Translated by ROSAMOND LEY. *Arnold.* 16*s.*

Neither great artists nor great men invariably write good letters, though the former generally do so. Men of action usually lack the incentives and qualities which make for good letter-writing, and artists are frequently men of action *manqués*. But Busoni pre-eminently does not come under this heading; he was a pure artist, if ever there was one, and these letters have the extraordinary interest of revealing the spiritual development of a supremely great soul through the progress of the executive and creative artist.

Busoni was not, in the bad sense, a romantic: he was too much of an Italian for that, and he had an Italian's view of marriage. To quote Professor Dent: "He had no desire for a romantic Egeria to inspire him; inspiration was his own affair. . . . What he wanted, above all things, from woman was *Empfindung*—intuitive feeling." And this he found in Gerda Sjöstrand, the daughter of a Swedish sculptor, whom he married in 1890. From first to last he would appear to have found her the perfect confidant, for this long (though, of course, not complete) series of letters shows that rare ease of communication which alone suffices to express the subtle counterpoint of thoughts and impressions which accompanies the actions of an artist from day to day.

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and of the virtuoso's life—" *cette vie de saltimbanque*," as he contemptuously called it. Of the first he says, piercingly: " What stamps the amateur is joy in his own discoveries and pleasure in different things which do not belong to one another " ; and elsewhere this dislike of his accounts for his underestimation of Schubert and high opinion of Saint-Saëns. The second he hated as " an interruption in the life of my true self," that self which he portrayed so poignantly in the character of his own Faust. The third dismissed artists like Wagner and Dostoievsky, who seemed to Busoni to have betrayed their trust. And the fourth accounts for the pitiable groans which make a refrain throughout his letters ; for a man of his integrity it was well-nigh intolerable to have to exhibit himself year after year to a public which he despised and which he knew valued only what was least valuable in him—the virtuoso who could play louder and faster than any other. While still a young and rising star he managed to support the " circus life " not too badly ; but in later years, when, after the period of retirement and devotion to composition, he was obliged by poverty to take to the boards once more, the necessity broke both his heart and his body.

This book contains some descriptive passages of great brilliance, which is not surprising when one considers that the librettos which Busoni wrote for his own operas are of high literary merit. In this connection I would draw attention to the description of the old female orator in Hyde Park (p. 29), the masterly analysis of Beethoven (p. 188), the account of a meeting with Bernard Shaw (p. 279 *ff*), as well as many impressions of places briefly visited on his wanderings. And here it is as well to emphasise the fact that Busoni was very far from being a solemn, " prophetic " person ; his letters, like his conversation, are seldom without the essentially Latin humour that issued, in life, in that explosive laughter for which he was famous among his friends.

Busoni's utterances on the subject of music are contained in one small volume, but into it he contrived to pack more good sense and original thinking than Wagner, say, spread out among all those enormous tomes. As a critic of music Berlioz is probably nearest to him in spirit and in depth. There are many passages in this book which form a valuable supplement to *Von der Einheit der Musik*, of which a translation is long overdue.

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The energy and vitality displayed are astonishing ; he is for ever planning and sketching out music for operas, with enormous enthusiasm, in railway trains, between two recitals the length of which would kill most pianists. He was endlessly observant of human nature, which amused and exasperated him. He was fascinated by cities and crowds. Nature alone—" the country "—meant little or nothing to him ; Italian in this as in so many other things. He needed the circumambience of other people, alike for the subtle explorations of his Faustian soul and for the deploying of the orchestral magnificence of his pianistic style. In all the qualities that distinguish the human spirit at the highest point of its development, he stands at the very top.

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MYSTERIES OF RELIGION

Shadows of Life and Thought. A Retrospective Review in the Form of Memoirs. By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE. *Selwyn and Blount.* 15*s.*

There are many points of likeness between the stories of the Hawthornes and the Waites. Both were of the grimmest sect of the Puritans. The original emigrating Hawthorne was one of the earlier settlers in New England, the first Waite to leave his country lingered for some time ; long enough to have to do with a black business in Whitehall nearly three hundred years ago. The Hawthornes settled in Massachusetts, the Waites in Connecticut, and for some time both families were rulers in that grisly and persecuting Israel of New England. They expelled Baptists and hanged Quakers ; and probably had no notion that they were testifying for liberty of conscience. And then, somehow, Waites and Hawthornes became obscure people. They took to the sea, they were sailors and mates and skippers. Mr. Waite's father was a skipper, who died at sea on his half-drowned ship. He left behind him a widow, Arthur Edward an infant in arms, and a posthumous daughter, Frederica Harriet, who died at the age of 15. Mrs. Waite had been a Miss Lovell ; and her sister Harriet had married Augustus, the thoroughly Bad Brother of Charles Dickens.

After her husband's death, Mrs. Waite stayed for a short time with his relations at Lyme, Connecticut. They were great givers of tea-parties at Lyme, and I think I have understood that gloves were worn on these occasions, and the guests and relations would say : " Don't you want to join the Church ? " In short, Mrs. Waite found herself an inhabitant of Miss Wilkins's New England ; and perhaps that is better in books than it was in life. And so she and her two children came to London and lived on very small means in dim, obscure streets in Kentish Town and Highgate—afterwards in Bayswater and Acton. And Mrs. Waite did join the Church ; but it was not the Orthodox (or Independent) Church of New England. Mrs. Waite became a rigid Roman Catholic. As a Roman Catholic, then, our author was bred ; and towards the end of his book he declares that the Roman Church has been the chief formative influence of his life and thought. And yet, in spite of that avowal, he says that at the age of seventeen, or thereabouts, he read *Vestiges of Creation*, by Dr. Robert Chambers : and not only the Roman Catholic Church, but the whole fabric of Christianity fell from him into the abyss, or was dissolved into the air, like the cloud of incense before the burning altar :

> For of course if the one Church, that with the major and all-exclusive claims, had a wrong story of creation, it was unthinkable that any other should be equipped better or differently.

Such is the prologue to Mr. Waite's life and thought. It is a common prologue enough. Many young men used to read *Vestiges of Creation*, or something like it, and find at the end of the book, mournfully enough, sometimes, that, for them, religion had ceased to exist. And, in the majority of cases, they wiped the tears away and ceased to trouble their heads any more about it. A few, no doubt, discovered that Biology was balm for a wounded spirit, others saw that there was a rest laid up for them in verifiable statistics ; but as a rule no such anodynes were needed. They found themselves in a world without mysteries, and were well content to be its citizens.

But the story that follows Mr. Waite's introduction is of a very different order. Though he thought that the mystery religion which he had abandoned was false, he felt sure that, somewhere in the world or beyond it, there were mysteries which were most true and valid, the veritable *fontes aquarum* of the Psalm, *Quemadmodum*. There were true waterbrooks, and he

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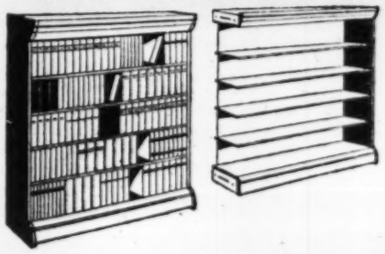

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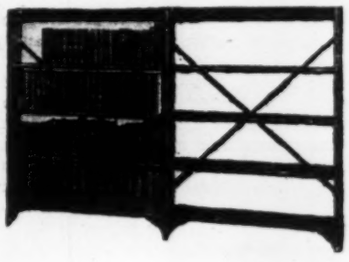

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set out to find them in the hot desert of the world. And that is the adventure of which he tells in this book.

It must be said that he looked, at first at all events, in some very unlikely places. He had made friends, some older men, most of them young fellows like himself:

> There were many friends and very many acquaintances; but it would signify little to cite other obscure names. Of one of them here and another there I remember the vague ambitions by which they drew me; but none of them earned repute, except St. John Adcock, while I was marking time and "waiting for the spark from heaven to fall."

Indeed, the author's talk of these poor fellows, who also burned in their way, and dreamed their dreams, and faded into death or profound obscurity, reminds me of the circumstance told of Johnson in his old age. He would meditate and murmur to himself, and the friend near him might catch the words: "Poor man! And then he died."

But some of these friends introduced Mr. Waite to Spiritualism, and he frequented séances for a while, and perhaps saw more sometimes than he was meant to see. Still, one gathers that he holds even to this present time that now and again the sitter in the darkness may touch a core that is something more than conjuring. I incline, myself, to the opinion that the knocks of the séance—supposing them to be free from fake—are closely related to the bangs of the Poltergeist; but I do not know that Mr. Waite would agree with me here. But at last, whatever he found, he did not find those fabled waterbrooks in the séance room.

And so he went into stranger places. He sought the great secret in alchemy, in magic, both in its old form, and in the modern version of Eliphas Levi. He investigated the legend of the Rosicrucians and found it to be a sort of holy hoax. He made a deep study of the Grail Romances, hoping to discover in the spiritual place to which Galahad was taken the symbols of a Hidden Church. He looked—one may say—at theosophy in its early days, and found it more ghastly than ghostly. He entered Freemasonry, and more particularly certain withdrawn rites of what is called the Higher Masonry. He witnessed curious ceremonies in Secret Orders of another family; and has tales to tell of some of these which are not wholly reverend. I have only touched on a few of his quests and studies and mystical journeys; I have left out the Kabbalah, in which are wonders.

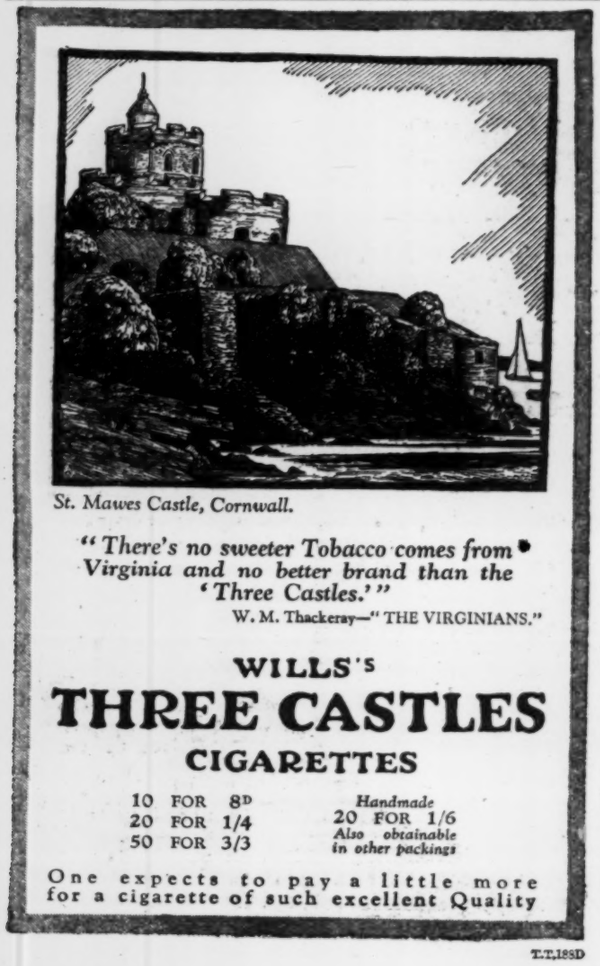
And in the end?

Well, I have smattered, where A. E. Waite has studied deeply, and I seem to remember a phrase from an ancient book on the Quest of the Philosopher's Stone—that is the knowledge of the things that really are:

> In the dark hour of the night search thyself, and there, and nowhere else in the whole wide world, wilt thou find it.

Nathaniel Hawthorne and A. E. Waite, it has been said, came of old Puritan stock. And each bore witness, in his intellectual character, to his Puritan origins. In Hawthorne this witness took the shape of an intense moral fervour; in A. E. Waite, it manifests as a whole-souled disbelief in the world of phenomena, as a profound anti-sacramentalism. To him, neither lilies nor valleys nor altars testify at all.

But he has written an entrancing book. ARTHUR MACHEN



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The Whispering Gallery of Europe. By MAJOR-GENERAL A. C. TEMPERLEY. With a Foreword by ANTHONY EDEN. *Collins.* 15s.

In their quiet way, Major-General Temperley's recollections of his experiences as British military expert at Geneva make a most instructive book. It tells the story of the Disarmament Conference from the point of view of a public servant, with no very profound understanding of the causes of failure, but with enough humanity and honesty to make him appreciate the tragedy of our statesmen's blindness in throwing away the great opportunity offered them. The book is full of incidental interest—the terrible story of the rejection of one offer after another at Geneva, culminating with the refusal of Brüning's very moderate request for a small increase in arms which would have given him the prestige to resist the Nazis; jokes like the story of the French looking for a way of showing that tanks were defensive weapons, though they had christened them "*chars d'assaut*"; incidents like that of General Temperley's intervention just in time to stop the lists of signatories to the German disarmament petitions being sent back to Germany where the Nazis, just in power, wanted them to help in the job of rounding up candidates for the concentration camps. General Temperley is cautious in his judgments, but he is shrewd enough to smile at Sir Samuel Hoare's muddle-headed notion that you could both impose sanctions and not annoy Mussolini. He has a comic little lapse over Dr. Hugh Dalton, of whom he formed a high opinion while he was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in spite of his "reputation of being somewhat embittered and very much on the extreme Left Wing" (Mr. Bevin should be warned about this). The gist of the book is that every opportunity has been thrown away. Stupidity? Tradition? Individual vanity or class prejudice? General Temperley does not assess the factors. But at one point he quotes Lord Fisher's remark that "We shall lose the Empire some day, because it is Buggin's turn." *Buggin's Turn* is a good title for this chapter in our history.

The Unlocked Book. By ASIA BOOTH CLARKE, with a foreword by ELEANOR FARJEON. *Faber and Faber.* 8s. 6d.

John Wilkes Booth, the actor who shot Abraham Lincoln, is among the least known of all assassins. In the Terror that followed the shooting all records of the murderer were destroyed, and even his place of burial concealed for fear of Southern hero-worship. So complete was this organised oblivion that Appleton's *Cyclopaedia of American Biography*, published twenty years afterwards, suppresses even the name of the self-imagined tyrannicide, and in its long account of John Wilkes' brother only remarks that "in 1865 an appalling tragedy compelled Edwin Booth to leave the stage." *The Unlocked Book* is a defence of Booth's character written by his sister and preserved for the judgment of posterity. It is the only intimate account of a curious and complex personality. Booth displayed a rare combination of flamboyance, stupidity, immense vanity, and a slow but relentless determination. Son of Junius Brutus Booth, a tragic actor of great reputation and intermittent insanity, John Wilkes inherited the charm and repute of his father without the talents to support either. Even in the sympathetic eyes of his sister and school-friends he seemed almost pathologically ambitious. "I wish there was an arch or statue at the mouth of the Mediterranean Sea across the Straits of Gibraltar," he is reported as saying. "I would leave everything and never rest until I had devised some means to throw it over into the sea. Then look out for history, English, French, Spanish, and all Europe, Asia and Africa would resound with the name of John Booth. I tell you it would be the greatest feat ever executed by one man." But unlike most of this type Booth was prepared to realise his dreams in practice, and when he became convinced that Lincoln was aiming at Monarchy, he took the dramatically obvious course. Consistent to the last, he shot the President in a theatre, and leapt down to the stage with a cry of "Sic semper tyrannis!" *The Unlocked Book* is not a serious study

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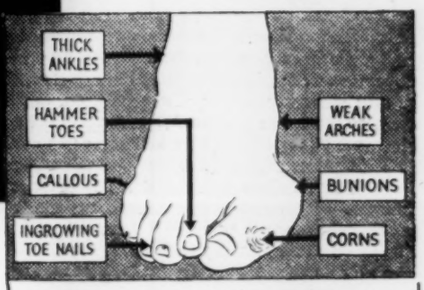

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of the man or his background, but a pleasant comment on one of the more lurid passages in American history.

Labour Spy. By GT.99. *Werner Laurie.* 10s. 6d.

For twenty years GT.99 spied on workers and their Unions in a great (but unhappily anonymous) industrial area of the United States. From badly paid betrayals of radical fellow-employees, the author progressed to become Chairman of the City's Central Labour Union, with unparalleled opportunities of exposing extremists, sabotaging strikes and effectively castrating the local labour movements. Throughout the whole period he was in the direct employ of a detective agency, and hence in the service of any factory management that cared to hire his rather expensive services. His working technique varied, but its effect was always the same. Sometimes he bribed or blackmailed, sometimes he stole Union funds, but generally he used red tape and rhetoric to prevent any action at all. A violent but hazy speech, a still hazier resolution, a reference to a sub-committee, and the grievance was buried beyond all danger of action. The chief merit of *Labour Spy* is the naive honesty of its author. With a restrained glee, varied by occasional sentimentalities, GT.99 describes a career of organised treachery that was never disturbed by doubts nor shaken by moral cowardice. He regards his work as a genuine contribution to the general good, arguing that if you want peace in industry labour spies are its best defenders, since all their efforts are devoted to keeping amity between employer and employed. There must be some flaw in his argument; perhaps the Peace Pledge Union can point it out.

Understanding the English. By JAMES HOWARD WELLARD. *Hurst and Blackett.* 10s. 6d.

This is a study of the English as they appear to an Englishman who has lived in America for sixteen years and acquired, among other American qualities, their style of writing. The humour and opinions in the book resemble those of G. J. Renier's *The English: Are They Human?* Both authors find our Puritanism an unnecessary absurdity which has made us dull and over-conscientious and, in foreign eyes, hypocritical, though by nature we were merry Elizabethan singing birds. Anyone who does not understand Puritanism does not really understand the English. Yet it requires a profundity so rare to assess the good and evil of Puritanism that it is perhaps exacting to criticise books of this kind for merely deriding it. But Mr. Wellard should try nevertheless to imagine what he would feel if he were to read a book by Mr. T. S. Eliot on America. While a melancholy belief in original sin has produced some of the finest English poetry, it is true that this has had some very queer effects on the less imaginative mass of Englishmen. As an observer of these Mr. Wellard is useful and amusing. He thinks that English snobbery does not arise from the contempt of the rich for the poor, but from the fear of the middle class that they will not be thought as good as the aristocracy; and that snobbery and the doctrine of equality are of twin-birth. Under the Feudal system men could not hope to be equal. He also maintains that the English in their Puritanical attempt to control baser emotions have suppressed all emotions, good and bad alike. He defines the English gentleman as a "bourgeois interpretation of Puritanism"; with this R. H. Tawney would agree. Religion and capitalism have affected the different strata of English society in different ways, and in pointing these out Mr. Wellard shows acuteness. Those of us who think we represent universal types, "the student," "the gentleman" or "the working man" will be surprised to discover that we strike him primarily as merely English. An English student may differ from an English gentleman, but he differs as much from, say, an American student. Whatever may be the failings of the English it is to be hoped that they will never talk or think about women as Mr. Wellard, crusading for American values, seems to think they ought to. Consciousness of original sin is perhaps preferable to the consciousness of original virtue which can alone account for Mr. Wellard discussing sex in terms of "rutting" and expressing the hope that Englishwomen will "exploit" their "resilient" breasts.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 426

Set by V. Sackville-West

The remark "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did," might well be attributed to Dr. Johnson at a guess by anyone ignorant of its true originator. The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for other remarks written or uttered, which would appear not to belong to their real authors but to someone else. Quotations must be authentic and the names must be added.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, May 13th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 424

Set by Roger Marvell

A proverb assures us with doubtful truth that no man is a hero to his valet. The usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea are offered for the best imaginary account of his employer written by the valet of any hero, living or dead. Entries not to exceed 250 words.

Report by Roger Marvell

One competitor tacked on to his entry a note including these words: "You do not say what you mean by a hero, and it must not be overlooked that one man's hero is another man's villain." Let me hasten to say that this was not overlooked, either by the setter or the competitors. Indeed, a considerable proportion of the entries were principally expressive of irritation and disapproval. Mussolini, Mr. Eden, Satan and Mr. Beverley Nichols were among the heroes that excited the satirical powers of competitors. No one offered a vindictive account of a really good man, which I think might have been very effective. Mr. Gladstone, it seems, at one moment went mad; Balbus did not build a wall but edified his daughter-in-law (nurum); Napoleon was ill-bred (this is true enough) and was terrified of his valet; Mr. Winston Churchill's imaginary gentleman says that his employer "isn't satisfied with his own mind and that is why he is always changing it" (J. Pritchard). Pibwob offers us a good account of Shakespeare, whose valet thought him mad and not a gentleman. Marian Roger gives us George Moore. "Sometimes he'd be cross because my wages were due and pay as though it cost him a heart-pang to part. If a pretty American came to call though, he'd be after giving me a large tip." Betty Radice's Julius Caesar was worried by his baldness and his fear of knives. Towanbucket's Dickens was "too familiar with hall and sundry." R. S. Jaffray sent a glowing account of Sir Philip Sidney by Giles, his man, to which only after great hesitation I preferred the entry of L. V. Upward. I think E. W. Fordham is well ahead, his account is very convincing, and incidentally a good, typical disproof of a very fallacious proverb.

FIRST PRIZE

DR. JOHNSON: BY HIS BLACK SERVANT, FRANCIS BARBER

For thirty-two years I served him.

They may say what they will about his rough manner of speech, I know he was the kindest and the best master a man ever had. I do not say this because he left me his money, but because he was so good to me while he lived.

It was not only to me he was kind. He would go to the Club where he was master of them all, and come home where Mrs. Williams was complaining and scolding all day long. He was never rough to her. "Come, Ma'am," he would say, "let us take a dish of tea together and think well of one another."

Often Mr. Boswell would come and stay a long time. Then sometimes I heard the Doctor shouting angrily. But I know Mr. Boswell worshipped him, and I think the Doctor loved Mr. Boswell in his fashion.

I had a lot of trouble with his clothes and his wig. He did not think they mattered. Once when I told him his wig was crooked he

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said, "Frank, think less of what is on my head, and more of what should be in yours."

He suffered no one to laugh at my colour. Mr. Langton told me that he once said, "Sir, I care not whether his skin be white or black; he is faithful to me."

He was the greatest man in the world. E. W. FORDHAM

SECOND PRIZE

EXTRACT FROM THE MEMOIRS OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S VALET

Properly handled and in fair weather, Sir Walter steered sweet and true enough; but get athwart his hawser on a dirty night, and all Hell began to pop.

I remember once he comes in late and heaves his cloak at me. It was foul with mud and wetter than I'd ever seen it before.

"Trim this up before you turn in, my lad," he says.

I never says a word; I just bobs and begins to up anchor, but he calls me back alongside.

"Nothing to say?" he asks, very sharp.

"No, cap'n," I says, smiling. "I'm your honour's servant."

"For the time being, you are," he says, nasty-like. "Heave that grin overboard, or it'll sink you."

I straightens my face and bobs again.

"This day," he goes on, tapping the floor with his foot, "yon cloak has been the Queen's gang-plank; that's all."

I bobs once more; but do what I can, my mouth begins to twitch up at the corners before I gets under way, and he heaves a grapnel over my bulwarks.

"You don't believe me, you dog!" he shouts, giving my shoulder a shake. "Do you?"

"I know my place, I hope, your honour," I answers, very quick.

"That you don't," he yells, "having no place to know!"

He means I'm paid off; but his habit is to sign me on again, so I don't worry.

But—well, how *was* I to know he was sober for once?

L. V. UPWARD

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 279.—OVERWORK

By Sir Arthur Eddington.

With the opening of the cricket season, solvers in general and cricketers in particular will appreciate a non-mathematical problem by the composer of "Looking-Glass Zoo."

Extract from the score of a cricket match between Eastershire and Westershire:

EASTERSHIRE

Second Innings

A. A. Atkins	6	Hon. P. P. Perkins ..	11
Bodkins	8	Capt. S. S. Simkins ..	6
D. D. Dawkins ..	6	Tomkins	0
Hawkins	6	Wilkins	1
Jenkins (J.)	5	Extras	0
Larkins	4		—
Meakins	7	Total	60

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Pitchwell	12.1	2	14	8
Speedwell	6	0	15	1
Tosswell	7	5	31	1

The score was composed entirely of singles and fours. There were no catches, no-balls or short runs. Speedwell and Tosswell each had only one spell of bowling. (Pitchwell bowled the first over, Mr. Atkins taking first ball; Speedwell was the other opening bowler.)

Whose wickets were taken by Speedwell and Tosswell, and who was not out? What was the score at the fall of each wicket?

PROBLEM 277.—SPOTTEM

By W. A. Caro.

The composer is aware that certain data are superfluous.

It was his desire to illustrate the peculiarities of the numbers involved and at the same time to afford a direct clue by which a solution could be obtained theoretically and without recourse to a table of squares.

Theoretically or otherwise the only two five-figure squares conforming to all the data are:

$$12769 = 113^2$$
$$96721 = 311^2$$

Hence the criminals resided at numbers 113 and 311 Crime Alley.

PROBLEM 276.—GOOD EGGS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Miss M. Bennell, 473 Kingsbury Road, Erdington, Birmingham.

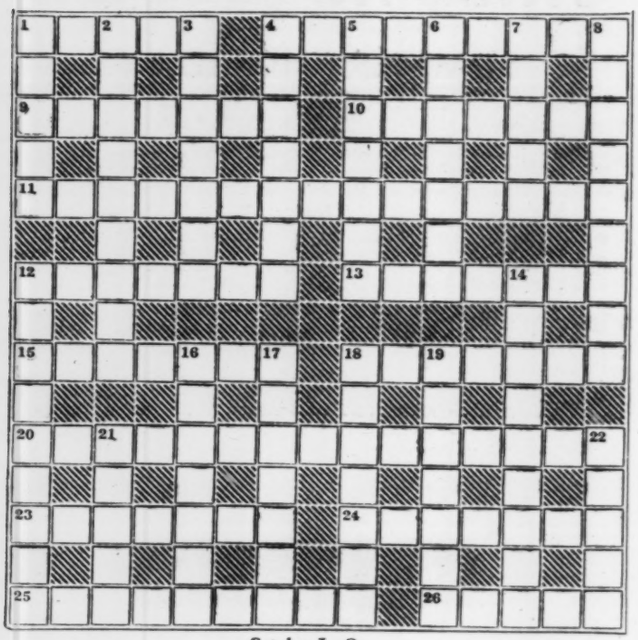
Seven points are awarded.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 426

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
H. J. Bostock, Shawms, Radford Bank, Stafford.

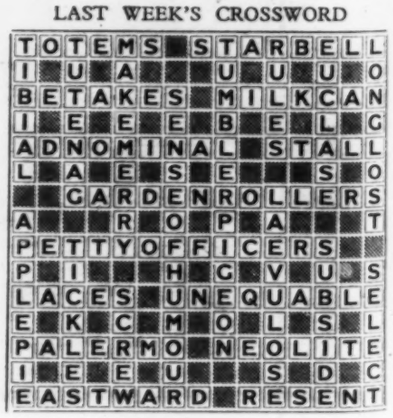
ACROSS

1. They go round in the East End as a rule. (5)
4. A little sheep's clothing. (9)
9. Set on edge. (7)
10. A kind of dressing. (7)
11. Inn sign that led to a nursery elopement. (15)
12. Oddly enough the opposer can do this. (7)
13. Safely delivered. (7)
15. Not an old arithmetic book. (7)
18. He is not a "Young Visitor." (7)
20. Sing it before a dainty repast. (15)
23. Does he answer for you? (7)
24. A scraping of cattle food (7)
25. They should produce illuminating jobs. (9)
26. Though a Philistine, he might have been addressed as Your Worshup. (5)

DOWN

1. This redounds to one's credit. (5)
2. Strange sleeping place perhaps. (9)
3. The part that's trebled. (7)
4. Ancestral method of paying a hack reporter? (7)
5. Gad! it's in the middle of the moor. (7)
6. Difficult position in a wet passage. (7)
7. No Ned, not the right way up. (5)
8. Salt Lake City Saint. (9)
12. The agent, somewhat ruffled, found himself in the perambulator. (9)
14. Austere attitude of stiff-necked people. (9)
16. The King's Speech. (7)
17. The Royal Australian Navy's off colour. (7)
18. How a fawn behaves no doubt. (7)
19. Sounds as though it might be partly "Persian" territory. (7)
21. Could he alternate writing with painting? (5)
22. Where to find Nigel. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD


TOTEMS STARBELL
IUA UUU O
BETAKES MILKCAN
I E E E B E L G
ADNOMINAL STALL
L A E S E S O
GARDENROLLERS
A R O P A T
PETTYOFFICERS
P I H G V U S
LACES UNEQUABLE
E K C M O L S L
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PERTHSHIRE SCOTLAND

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

GILT-EDGED AND GOLD SHARES—CHINESE BONDS—RETAIL TRADE —WALL STREET

THE bloom of the post-Budget recovery wore off the Stock Exchange this week except in the gilt-edged market, which advanced to the accompaniment of vague talk about another issue of National Defence bonds. Actually, the only defence loan announced was an issue of £7 millions in 3¾ per cent. stock at 99 by the Commonwealth of Australia. This is the first time that Australia has asked London to provide new money since 1929. At what time the British Government will appeal to the market for a new defence loan depends entirely on the Treasury view of the market prospect. There is some evidence that the Bank of England is pursuing a slightly inflationary policy in regard to bankers' deposits, so that before long the banks may be forced into the gilt-edged market as buyers. Outside the Government bond market the feature has been the recovery in gold shares. The investor is now being persuaded that inflationary developments in both the United States and Great Britain, arising out of vast Government expenditures, will be expressed in the orthodox way of writing up the price of gold. At any rate, there is no longer any suggestion that the price of gold is ever likely to be cut. The only disappointing shares in the gold share market have been the Johannesburg Consolidated group on the news that developments in Randfontein had encountered a dyke (presumably the extension of the Witpoortje fault) about 1,000 feet wide. What effect this dyke will have upon future mining results is still uncertain, but the record of Randfontein shows it to be an uncertain mine, and investors might consider exchanging from the Johannesburg group into the Union Corporation group even at the sacrifice of income. Capital losses in Randfontein will probably be recovered by a purchase of the shares of the best developing mine—Grootvlei—of this group:—

	Present Price.	Yield %.
Union Corporation 12/6 shares	8	£5 13 6 on 68% dividend
Grootvlei £1	4 5/16	—

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"In the year 1936-7 about 850,000 additional consumers were connected to the public supply in Great Britain, bringing the total of consumers so connected above 8¼ millions. In the same year 17,150 million units were sold. During the past ten years consumption has almost trebled. But, in spite of this rapid progress, it appears that about one-third of the total domestic and other premises in the areas of supply are still unconnected. This figure alone indicates that there is yet ground to occupy. With the more varied and more intensive resort to electrical service which is growing among existing consumers, wide fields for development still lie open—in factories and shops, in the home and in rural life."

(Daily Telegraph Electricity Supplement.)

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CVS—34

Production from Grootvlei should begin in the autumn and dividends of 4*s.* per share in respect of 1939 should be possible, allowing a return of £5 6*s.* 3*d.* per cent. These shares should show gradual capital appreciation.

* * *

The recovery in Chinese Customs Loans has nothing to do, of course, with Chinese victories in the field. It has followed upon the agreement with the Japanese authorities regarding the service of the foreign loans secured on the Customs. All revenues collected by the Customs at each port within the areas under Japanese occupation are to be deposited with the Yokohama Specie Bank, which will remit each month "foreign loan quotas" to the Inspector-General of Customs sufficient to meet in full the service of the foreign loans and indemnities secured on the Customs revenues. In other words, the service of the Customs loans will be treated as a first charge on the revenues after deducting the maintenance expenses of the Customs administration. The "foreign loan quotas" for each port will be determined monthly in proportion to the share of that port in the total gross revenue collections of the preceding month. For a week past Chinese Customs Loans have been recovering in market values, and on the receipt of this good news there was a jump of 4 or 5 points in the leading issues. The following table gives the yields at present market prices, and for comparison I have added the highest prices reached in 1937 and the lowest touched this year:

	High 1937.	Low 1938.	Present Price.	Gross Yield % Flat.	Redemption.
China 4½% 1898	104½	64	89	£5 2 0	£7 15 9 (1943)
China 5% 1913	101⅞	43	70½	£7 2 3	£7 17 0 (1960)
China Boxer 5%	104⅞	61	81	£6 5 6	£8 2 3 (1947)

The fact that there is complete agreement between the Japanese, American, British and French Governments regarding these temporary measures for the servicing of the Customs Loans would suggest that there is no likelihood of default whatever be the outcome of the hostilities.

* * *

It has now been made plain that the apparent maintenance of retail trade turnover since the beginning of recession, early last autumn, in industries making consumption goods has been illusory, and has been due simply to the fact that higher prices concealed declining volume. The Retail Distributors' Association, which compiles the monthly return of the value of sales, has now provided an index of prices of non-food articles by means of which the *Economist* in its last issue has been able to plot diagrammatically quarterly fluctuations in the physical volume of retail trade. The diagrams show that a turning-point in volume of turnover was reached in the second quarter of 1937. Women's wear moved into consumption at an almost undiminished rate until the fourth quarter, but by the autumn there had been a pronounced fall in sales of furniture and considerable, though smaller, declines in the purchases of men's wear, boots and shoes and piece goods. From the investment standpoint the conclusions are not encouraging for holders of shares in department stores, whose business will not be stimulated by the sixpence increase in income tax, so far as middle-class purchasers are concerned. To some extent, however, Marks and Spencer and Woolworth's should benefit by substitution of cheaper for costlier purchasing, to conform to tightened purses.

* * *

President Roosevelt's Message to Congress on the subject of monopolies was less antagonistic than the market had expected. Projected legislation is to be confined to measures to restrict extension of the holding company system in the case of banks. There is to be no "ill-considered trust-busting activity." All that Congress is asked to do is to institute a $500,000 study of "the concentration of economic power in American industry and the effect of that concentration upon the decline of competition." The concluding words suggest that the President is gunning, not at Big Business as such, but at price-fixing. Whether the investigation will disclose any methods capable of reviving demand by cheapening prices is doubtful. Wall Street is sceptical and not very interested, particularly since the Senate has decided to shelve The Bank Holding Company Bill until next Session. Of greater moment as a market factor is the evidence of a fresh decline in business activity coupled with uniformly depressing first quarter earnings statements. From 118.5 on April 22nd, the Dow Jones index of industrial securities had drooped once more to under 110 by the close of business on Monday. A rally followed, but not of a convincing nature.

Company Meeting

LONDON ASIATIC RUBBER AND PRODUCE COMPANY

MR. H. J. WELCH'S ADDRESS

THE 30th Ordinary General Meeting of The London Asiatic Rubber and Produce Company, Limited, was held on May 2nd in London.

Mr. H. J. Welch (Chairman), who presided, said in the course of his speech: The accounts before you are definitely more satisfactory than those for the previous year, and, indeed, for any of the last ten years. The improvement in the price obtained in 1937 over that of 1936 had less effect on the accounts than the increase from 7,921,562 lb. to 10,982,581 lb. in the amount of rubber which we were allowed to produce and export.

The balance available to-day from the profit and loss account is £176,517, as against £120,646 last year. The sum provided for income tax is £46,000, which is sufficient to cover all our liability for such tax assessable in 1938 in respect of the 1937 profits at the old rate of 5s. in the £. The rate has been altered since the accounts were issued, however, and accordingly about a further £4,600 will be required.

The Board has continued the policy of replenishing the general reserve, which was reduced five years ago by £79,826, when that sum was utilised to write down the buildings, machinery and plant to the present nominal figure. Since that date we have expended out of revenue on new buildings and equipment a total sum of £32,013. This amount, however, is less by £10,000 than what would have been normally debited to revenue for depreciation under the old practice. During the same period (with the allocation proposed to-day and without deducting expenditure on replanting) we have added a sum of £36,000 to reserve, so that in the net result we have up to date provided the normal amount of depreciation, plus a sum of £26,000 towards amortisation of our planted areas or for expenditure on replanting.

We recommend the transfer of £25,000 to a dividend equalisation reserve, and a final dividend of 7½ per cent., making a total for the year of 12½ per cent.

The present low price and exportable percentage if continued throughout the year must, of course, seriously affect our profits. I am, however, not without hope that the ultimate results will be much better than the present conditions suggest.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

CO-OPERATIVE BANKING

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Head Office: 1 Balloon Street, MANCHESTER.

Company Meeting

PHILIP HILL & PARTNERS, LIMITED

MR. PHILIP E. HILL'S ADDRESS

THE Sixth Annual General Meeting of Philip Hill and Partners, Limited, was held on May 4th at the May Fair Hotel, W.

Mr. Philip E. Hill (chairman and managing director), who presided, said that the net profit amounted to £502,456, which, in a difficult year, could only be regarded as satisfactory. The directors had adopted a conservative dividend policy by recommending a final dividend of 12½ per cent., making, with the interim dividend, a total of 25 per cent. for the year. The balance they recommended should be utilised in increasing the dividend equalisation account by £50,000, by placing £50,000 to reserve for taxation account, and by increasing the carry forward to £46,676—an increase of nearly £17,000.

The quoted securities held by the company at March 31st last figured in the balance sheet at £3,356,314, while the market value of those investments and those held by their wholly-owned subsidiaries at the date of the balance sheet exceeded the aggregate book value by over £200,000. Owing to acute depression during March, security values with very few exceptions had been seriously depreciated.

The board were pursuing a policy of spreading interests over a wide field of industrial activity. While, owing to general conditions, the making of satisfactory public issues had been very difficult, the company had been instrumental during the past year in raising over £8,000,000—a figure which, under the circumstances, was satisfactory. As explained last year, a considerable part of the company's revenue was obtained from general financial business and from their investments.

To summarise, the company's income was derived partly from the dividend, interest, etc., received on investments and loans, and partly from its business as a finance house. He would not attempt, with world conditions as they were, to make any forecast as to the future other than to say that the results shown by the companies in which they were interested indicated increased revenue from that source.

With regard to possible profits from issuing business, it was too early to express any opinion, but the final results of the company should, in his opinion, be thoroughly satisfactory.

For accountancy reasons it had been decided that the company's financial year should, in the future, end on June 30th.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Company Meeting

FRIENDS' PROVIDENT AND CENTURY LIFE OFFICE

ANOTHER RECORD ESTABLISHED

The annual general meeting of the Friends' Provident and Century Life Office was held on Wednesday in London.

MR. HAROLD J. MORLAND, M.A., J.P., F.C.A. (the chairman), said: The new assurances of our two companies once more established a record at £2,852,217, which was £134,246 more than for 1936. The annuity premiums received were £1,217,023. The annual premium income advanced by £34,204, but as the single premiums were only £73,144, compared with £167,652, on balance the premiums received in the year were £60,303 less than for the previous year. This violent variation naturally affected the expense ratio, which became 16.79 per cent., compared with 15.14 per cent. for 1936.

The gross rate of interest earned by our investments has fallen by only 1s. 3d. per cent. in the past two years—£4 15s. 4d. against £4 16s. 7d. per cent.—but the rise in income-tax in successive years has considerably accentuated the reduction in the rate after deduction of income-tax, which for 1937 was £3 19s. 10d. per cent.

The premium income in each of the trading departments, Fire, Accident, and Marine, advanced substantially, but the underwriting experience in certain sections was unfavourable. I am glad to say that the experience of the Fire Department in all parts of the world, with the important exception of the United States, was satisfactory, and the outcome of the Accident Department, notwithstanding the setback in the motor section, was excellent.

After provision for all liabilities and contingencies the accounts of the company show profits for the year, including interest, at £43,209; £10,000 was added to the additional reserve in the general section of the accident department, a dividend of 15 per cent. on the £400,000 capital ranking for dividend was paid, costing £45,000 net, and a balance of £132,480 is carried forward to 1938, as compared with £144,271 brought foward from 1936.

An important constructive step taken at the end of 1937 has been for the Friends' Provident to add £500,000 to its investment in Century shares, thus making the total investment £1,500,000. We have had evidence that the directors' policy has met with the appreciation of our members and the insuring public generally. From an investment standpoint, too, the policy has justified itself to the Friends' Provident.

MR. ROBERT H. MARSH, F.C.A., seconded the adoption of the report, which was carried unanimously. The election of directors and appointment of auditors were made.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. **Housemaster.** Wed., Sat.

APOLLO. **Idiot's Delight.** Tues. & Sat.

DUCHESS. **I Killed the Count.** Wed., Sat.

GLOBE. **"Robert's Wife."** Wed. and Sat.

QUEEN'S. **The Merchant of Venice** W. S.

STRAND. **Banana Ridge.** Wed., Thurs.

ST. MARTIN'S. **Plan for a Hostess.** Tu., Fri.

WESTMINSTER. **You Never Can Tell.** W.S.

WYNDHAM'S. **George & Margaret.** W., S.

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ALDWYCH. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 6404
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IDIOT'S DELIGHT
by Robert E. Sherwood
RAYMOND MASSEY TAMARA GEVA

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161 (7 lines).
Thurs., May 12, 8.15. 2.30 and 8.15 DAILY
"THE ENGADINE EXPRESS"
"RHYTHM ON THE ICE."
Musical Spectacle with New Ideas.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243). 8.30 sharp. Wed., Sat. 2.30.
I KILLED THE COUNT
by Alec Coppel
THE CRIME COMEDY HIT.

GARRICK. Tem. 4601. 8.30. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
HUGH WAKEFIELD JEANNE DE CASALIS
VERA LENNOX MORRIS HARVEY
JAMES CARNEY BRUCE SETON
AS HUSBANDS GO

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS., 8.30 sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30 sharp.
ROBERT'S WIFE
By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

PLAYHOUSE. Whi. 7774.
Evgs. 8.30. (Ex. Mon.) Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
Edmund Willard. Esmond Knight. Robert Helpmann.
THE INSECT PLAY
By the Brothers Capek

QUEEN'S. Ger. 4517. JOHN GIELGUD'S SEASON
Evgs., 8.30. sharp. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE
by William Shakespeare

SAVOY. (Tem. 8888.) Evgs., 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.
OSCAR HOMOLKA in
POWER AND GLORY
By KAREL CAPEK
C. V. FRANCE. FELIX AYLMER

SHAFTESBURY. Prop., Joseph Benson
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30. (Ger. 6666.)
POISON PEN
By Richard Llewellyn.
MARGARET YARDE. WALTER FITZGERALD.

STRAND. Tem. 2660. Evgs. 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30
Robertson Hare & Alfred Drayton in
BANANA RIDGE
by Ben Travers.

ST. MARTIN'S. Temple Bar 1443.
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WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028. (Second Year.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., Wed. and Sats, at 2.30.
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DIE EWIGE MASKE (A).
(The Eternal Mask)

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HULL. Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5 p.m. **Little.**
"The Old Folks at Home"
By H. M. Harwood.

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"Double Door." By Elizabeth MacFadden.

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Sat., May 14th: Opening of Spain Shop and Exhibition, 151 Haverstock Hill (opp. Belsize Park Station), 3 p.m.

Tues., May 17th: Debate, Avenue Road Congregational Church Hall: "WHY NON-INTERVENTION?" 8 p.m. Chair: C. T. Le Quesne, K.C.; G. T. Garrett v. a Conservative.

Wed., May 18th: Meeting, Hampstead Town Hall. Chair: PROF. LEVY. G. R. Strauss, M.P., Harry Pollitt, Fenner Brockway, Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell, F.R.S. 8 p.m.

Sat., May 21st: Dance, Hampstead Town Hall; Admission 2s. 8–12.

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DEBATE: "Disarmament or Collective Security." Kensington Town Hall, May 11th, 8.15 p.m. C. E. M. Joad for Peace Pledge Union; Geoffrey le M. Mander, M.P., for League of Nations Union. Chairman: Rose Macaulay. Admission free. Reserved seats, 1s., from NIXON, 3 Kenway Road, S.W.5.

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